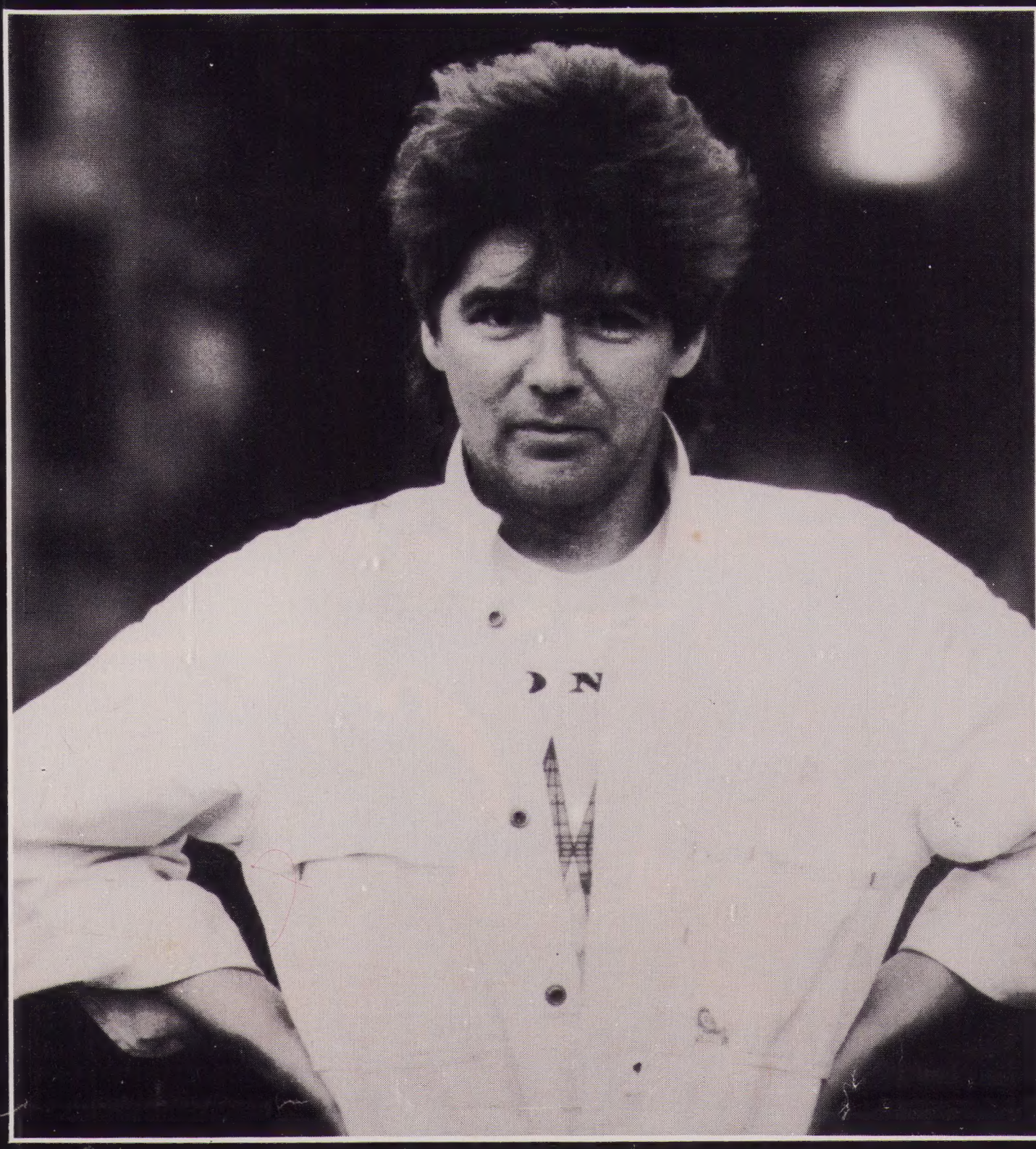
TUKE

WEEKLY ·

NOVEMBER 12, 1988 No.707 $2.20
Registered by Australia Post publication No VBP0349

RUN DMC

- BIZARRE ROCK DEATHS
- MACHINATIONS
- EXPLODING WHITE MICE
- VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE
- CAST YOUR VOTE IN THE ANNUAL READERS POLL
- WIN! A RAP LP PACK!



JIM KEAYS OF MASTERS APPRENTICES

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OILS HOME SOON

Midnight Oil will return home within a fortnight.

The band is currently winding up the third leg of its extensive North America tour, heading a bill including Graffittiman, led by Sioux Indian activist John Trudell, and Northern Territory band Yothu Yindi, the latter a new Mushroom Records signing.

In the Oil's absence, the inevitable knives have been drawn by sections of the Australian media and numerous swings made at the band's supposedly flagging credibility and apparent desertion of the homeland.

"Perhaps it comes down to a certain immaturity, but it is uniquely Australian," the band's drummer, Rob Hirst, recently told US Magazine *Music Express.*

"In the US," he added, "if you reach a certain level of success most people will applaud, whereas here (Australia) everybody wants to jump on you."

Midnight Oil remains unrepentent about what has often been described as simplistic sloganeering and bandwagon-jumping.

This time the Navajo Indians are the recipients of the Oil's fevered drive for social reform. It seems the US government is intent upon mining Big Mountains, a Navajo reservation and reputed uranium deposit.

Meanwhile, "Dreamworld" the third single from the *Diesel And Dust* album is number 27 in the US Billboard national chart.

Diesel And Dust has sold almost one million copies in the US, with worldwide sales now exceeding 2.7 million.

Whereas there are no plans for the band's Australian return, CBS Records Australia International Marketing Manager Chris Moss has tipped April or May, 1989.

"The band's major priority when it returns is to write and demo material for a forthcoming album," Moss X-Clusively told *Juke.*

According to an article in *Music Express* however, lead singer Garrett is quoted as saying he still regards the next album as "an alien prospect", though "it will be a record of its time".

"I can say without a shadow of a doubt," Garrett was quoted as saying "that we'll deal with issues; it wouldn't be the Oils if we didn't."

— MICHAEL DWYER, SCOTT HOWLETT.

NEW HUTCH MOVIE PROJECT?

Michael Hutchence won't be getting much of a rest after INXS finish off their mammoth world tour in Australia. He could be in London in January starting work on his next movie.

Hutchence is currently crossing his fingers that he'll be picked to do *Crash*, which he describes as a "techno porn movie".

The movie is based on the book by weird sci-fi writer J.G. Ballard about a guy called Vaughan who gets a sexual thrill watching car and motorbike accidents!

Remembering what Hutchence's first movie *Dogs In Space* was about, *Crash* looks like being the perfect follow up!

Hutchence told a British pop paper recently: "I get some really funny scripts. They all want you to be a rock star, to be a groovy guy. I'm looking for parts I really love, not parts to have my stupid face on a big billboard on Hollywood Boulevard and get paid a million dollars.

"I've also auditioned for this movie called *Naked Tango* set in the '30s and '40s in Argentina but I don't think I'll get that."

So it looks like a resounding chorus of- . . . sometimes you crash, sometimes you get crashed.

• **See next page for INXS live feature**

(MORE) WEDDING BELLS FOR PETER?

Actress Rosanna Arquette, who made her name opposite Madonna in *Desperately Seeking Susan*, is believed to be about to marry rocker Peter Gabriel.

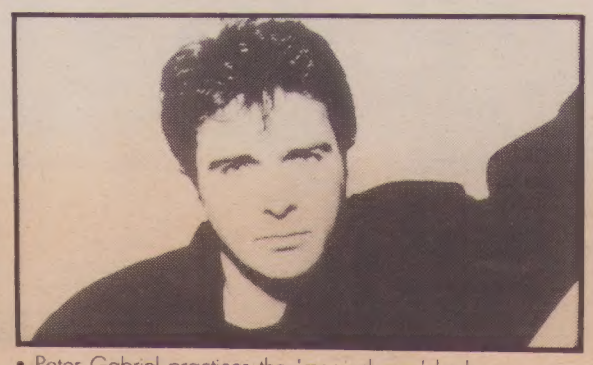
But first she has to divorce her current husband, Elton John keyboards player James Newton Howard.

She's no stranger to relationships with rock stars. Before marrying Howard, Arquette lived with Steve Porcaro of Toto and was the inspiration for the band's 1982 hit "Rosanna".

She's known the former Genesis star for more than five years and, after splitting from Howard, set up house with Gabriel in the English town of Bath.

Divorce is in the wind for Gabriel as well, who's in the throes of making a settlement with his longtime wife, Jill.

Both marriages are expected to be formally ended by the middle of next year, after which Gabriel and Arquette say they'll quietly tie the knot.



• Peter Gabriel practices the 'married man' look.

TOUR RUMOURS RIFE

Rumours are rife about the possibility of some major tours in the early months of 1989.

U2 are heavily tipped for February or March. The band's full length rockumentary, *Rattle and Hum* has just begun playing at cinemas across the nation, to coincide with the release of the double album of the same name, which is the fastest moving LP in Australia this week.

• Poison

• Sonic Youth

Glam-metal beasties Poison, and rising star Melissa Etheridge are both likely to drop in from America in the near future.

Almost certain to visit our shores for concerts in February are Voice Of The Beehive, who are finally picking up airplay with the single 'Don't Call Me Baby' from the *Let It Bee* album. A promotional tour originally planned for this week was postponed in lieu of the possibility of a full tour. (See page 11 for an exclusive interview with Melissa Brooke Belland).

Last but by no means least, fearsome noise terrorists Sonic Youth are a chance for the new year. One of the most critically acclaimed bands in the world at present, Sonic Youth's new double LP *Daydream Nation* has been variously described as "An epic to top the lot" and "The best music of the year".

Fingers crossed all round.

POLL UP!

Hoodoo Gurus won the Best Album, Best Single and Best Video accolades in last year's Juke Readers' Poll.

This week you can get your chance to vote for your favourite local and international acts in the '88 poll. At the same time, you could win yourself a great $300 LP pack, containing a selection of the year's best albums! For details of how to cast your important Readers' Poll vote and get your chance to win, turn to page 15 of this week's issue.

BARBED WIRES

Having lost their horn section in the bush somewhere, Painters & Dockers visited Oz artist Pro Hart and his canine pal in Broken Hill to see if the pair were interested in filling the vacancies.

• **Ziggy Marley's** sister (and one of the anonymous members of the **Melody Makers**) is to star in *The Cosby Show* spin-off *Different World* with **Lisa Bonet.**

• **J. J. Burnel** of **The Stranglers** refuses to release his new solo L.P. in England because it's sung in French and *"British music critics are full of bullshit"*. I say, steady on old bean.

• **Bananarama's** upcoming greatest hits L.P. is dedicated to one **Dave** "Fartpants" **Evans**, who is none other than hillbilly geetarist **The Edge** of **U2.** Rumours are that the man with the bottom problem will be playing guitar with the Ramas next year when **U2** take a break.

• **Terry Trent D'Arby** was so traumatised when his pet goldfish died that he had the slimy thing stuffed, and now wears it around his neck. Wacky!

• **Robert Plant's** drummer **Chris Blackwell** broke his wrist midway through **Bob's US** tour so they've roped in **Pat Torpey.** Blackwell still appears, drumming with his good hand and programming the kit.

• Speaking of **Robert Plant.** He wins quote of the week with his response to a question about the importance of his art. "Well basically you're just a box of chocolates" said Plant. So true, so true.

• Disgusting, stomachflipping info from England, where grebo uglies **Gaye Bykers On Acid** are recording an L.P. with singer **Mary** doing his thing in the altogether, whilst the rest of the band are laying down their tracks dressed as women.

• **S'Express** are being used by singer **Toni Smith** for lifting vocals from her song "I've Got The Hots For You" for their "Theme From S'Express" without asking. Naughty, naughty.

• **Julian Lennon** is recording an L.P. in L.A., and **Lloyd Cole** is rumoured to be working with **Peter Buck** from **R.E.M.**

• "Never Tear Us Apart" has risen to No. 8 on the U.S. chart, making it the fourth single from the *Kick* L.P. to enter the Top 10 there. It goes without saying that this is a first for an Australian act in the US. Meanwhile "Red Red Wine" has become the first ever Reggae song to top the singles chart in the States, if one accepts that it **IS** Raggae!

• Pass the deodorant! Where's the bloody shampoo! Could those filthy rockers with shaggy follicles, tatty britches and mean mutha power-chords on telly last week **REALLY** be **Pseudo Echo?** Have they been partying with **Motorhead**? Comparing dandruff with **Zodiac Mindwarp**? Watching too many **Cult** videos? We should be told . . .

• **Wendy James** from terribly with-it rockers, **Transvision Vamp** popped-up on many a pop-prog during her prom trip to Oz, claiming that "clothes are just to keep you warm, and stop you feeling embarrassed when you walk down the street". It must have been a very hot day when they did the clip for "Revolution Baby" is all we have to say.

• **That Petrol Emotion** singer **Steve Mack** got a visit in Portsmouth while on tour, from girlfriend **Tracey Bryn,** the blonde lady in **Voice Of The Beehive.** Trouble was, Steve had gone to London to see Trace at the same time. Oh calamity!

• **Larry Blackman** chief codpiece of **Cameo** has got special hats to protect his anti-gravity hairdo.

• **Mick Jagger** was actively involved in the mixing of his recent T.V. special filmed at The Tennis Centre in Melbourne. The show was recorded by the Metropolis Audio mobile unit and mixed at metropolis studios where Jagger's band recorded some linking material.

Jon Bon Jovi, Rodney Dangerfield and comic Sam Kinison pull dumb faces to celebrate Sam's specially re-written version of the already done-to-death Troggs dumbo classic "Wild Thing".

• The **Queensland Rock Awards** will be presented at Brisbane City Hall on Saturday November 12. **"Molly" Meldrum** will compare the showdown with 10 bands competing for $50,000 worth of prizes. The finalists are; Someone Else, Roof Cats, Voodahas, Sun Orange, Chrysalids, Guilt Edge, Buzz & The Blues Band, Tainted Violets, Aardvarks and Unknown Soldier.

• **Kylie Minogue's** next two releases will be accompanied by extravagant videos created by Melbourne film makers **Short Stories**, using technical effects never employed in Australia before. Apparently the filmettes cost truckloads of dosh! Stay tuned for exclusive stills from the videos and an explanation of how Short Stories did the fiddly bits!

• Melbourne "Hard rock guitar outfit" **Vortex** who sound "Bigger than Christmas dinner" have a residency at the Hippodrome every Friday, which is a major turn-around for the previously up-market, no-denim, tight-taffeta, dance club.

• **Steve Lucas** has just released his second solo L.P. *Bought & Sold,* whilst **This Is Serious Mum** have recorded a *Rock Arena* special to be aired on Tuesday November 15.

• Stand by for a box set of **Radio Birdman**, and **New Race** recordings, courtesy of WEA. Ah the memories come flooding back, yaaaaaay HUP!!

• **Phil Collins** co-wrote a couple of songs on the *Buster* soundtrack with legendary **Lamont Dozier,** once part of the hitmaking **Holland/Dozier/Holland** team.

• The resort where *Dirty Dancing* was filmed, used to host 600 people a week. Now the number for the same period has increased just a tickle to 100,000. A TV series based on the flick has commenced in the U.S. of A, and is certain to hit our screens soon.

• **Cheap Trick's** Melbourne shows will now happen at The Palace, not The metro. Meantime the band has shot a video for upcoming single "Ghost Town" in Montreal and Arizona. Presumably at different times.

• A US Cable News network recently told america that **Axl Rose** of **Guns'N'Roses** was dead as a dodo. Axl was found partying at a **George Michael** bash later and described the report as "an exaggeration".

• Is it true that stylish consumers **Pet Shop Boys,** and swish soul people **Swing Out Sister** were turfed out of a trendy London cafe as the result of a hurling contest using the contents of their expensive dishes as ammo?

• Loads of Wasbeens showed up for the launch of **Ron Wood's** latest exhibition of paintings and drawings at Hamilton's Art Gallery in London. The happening crowd included **Bill Wyman,** ex **Mrs. Keef**-Anita Pallenberg, **Simon Kirke** from **Bad Co, Ian Dury,** and **Yasmin Le Bon** whose husband and sometime singer with **Drown Drown** was not there. Sensible Simon.

• **John Waite** of **Babys** and "Missing You" semi-stardom, has joined with ex-**Journey** guitarist, **Neal Schon** for what sounds suspiciously like a supergroup. It also includes **Jonathan Cain** who played in **The Babys** and **Journey,** and someone called **Rick Phillips.** Their debut L.P. is being produced by **Richie Zito.**

• **The Stray Cats** who have re-united in their original lineup are about to record an L.P. with **Dave Edmunds** behind the console.

• Glam revivalists **The Melody Lords** have lost their lead vocalist to the Sydney production of "Les Miserables". He's going to look like a right wally in platform shoes and glitter make-up surrounded by French peasants.

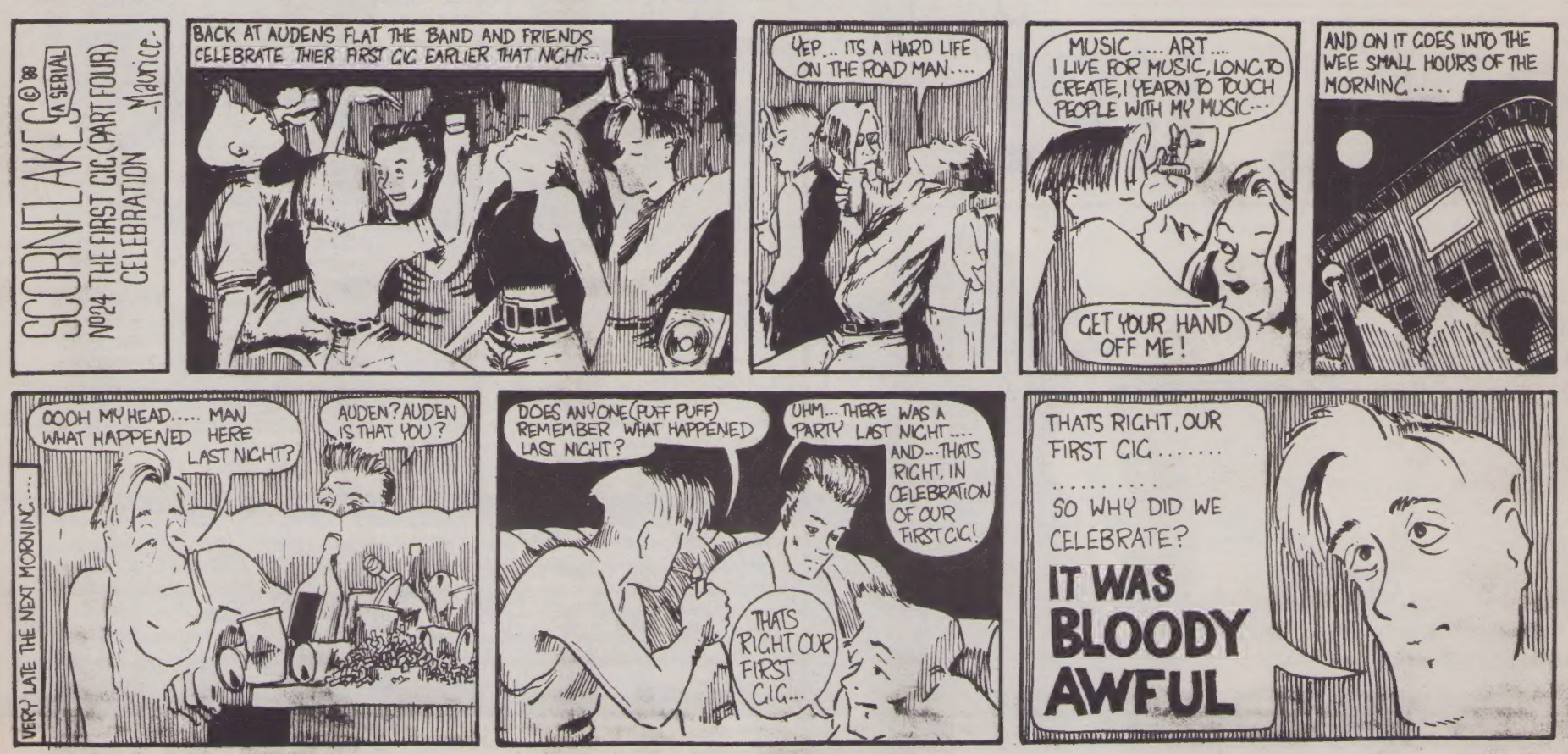
• Australian groups have snared 3 of the 5 nominations for Best Group Video at the upcoming Diamond Video Awards, which is some kind of big event in Europe. The bands are **INXS, Crowded House** and **Midnight Oil.** iNXS have also been nominated for six **Billboard** music video awards.

• Coming next year is the cinema version of **Brian Wilson's** life starring **Richard Dreyfuss as Dr. Eugene Landy** and **William Hurt** as Beach Boy numero uno.

• **Johnny Diesel** and **The Injectors** who have just released a debut single "Don't Need Love" will follow up with an already completed L.P. in early '89. The record was made in Memphis with producer **Terry manning** who is terribly famous.

• One of **Nick Cave's** all time heroes is apparently **Karen Carpenter** who died of anorexia nervosa some years ago. Nick said "Close To You" was **"THE** Song". He also professed great admiration for Biblical bloke **Job.**

• And on the subject of religion, here's Ozzy Osbourne. "I often wonder what Jesus Christ would have made of all this TV evangelist stuff. I reckon he would have thought, F..k this, I'm off".


SCORNFLAKES A SERIAL ©88
Nº24 THE FIRST GIG (PART FOUR) CELEBRATION
-Maurice.
BACK AT AUDENS FLAT THE BAND AND FRIENDS CELEBRATE THIER FIRST GIG EARLIER THAT NIGHT...
YEP... ITS A HARD LIFE ON THE ROAD MAN....
MUSIC.... ART.... I LIVE FOR MUSIC, LONG TO CREATE, I YEARN TO TOUCH PEOPLE WITH MY MUSIC...
GET YOUR HAND OFF ME!
AND ON IT GOES INTO THE WEE SMALL HOURS OF THE MORNING.....
VERY LATE THE NEXT MORNING....
OOOH MY HEAD.... MAN WHAT HAPPENED HERE LAST NIGHT?
AUDEN? AUDEN IS THAT YOU?
DOES ANYONE (PUFF PUFF) REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT?
UHM... THERE WAS A PARTY LAST NIGHT.... AND... THATS RIGHT, IN CELEBRATION OF OUR FIRST GIG!
THATS RIGHT OUR FIRST GIG...
THATS RIGHT, OUR FIRST GIG.....
SO WHY DID WE CELEBRATE?
IT WAS BLOODY AWFUL

Contents

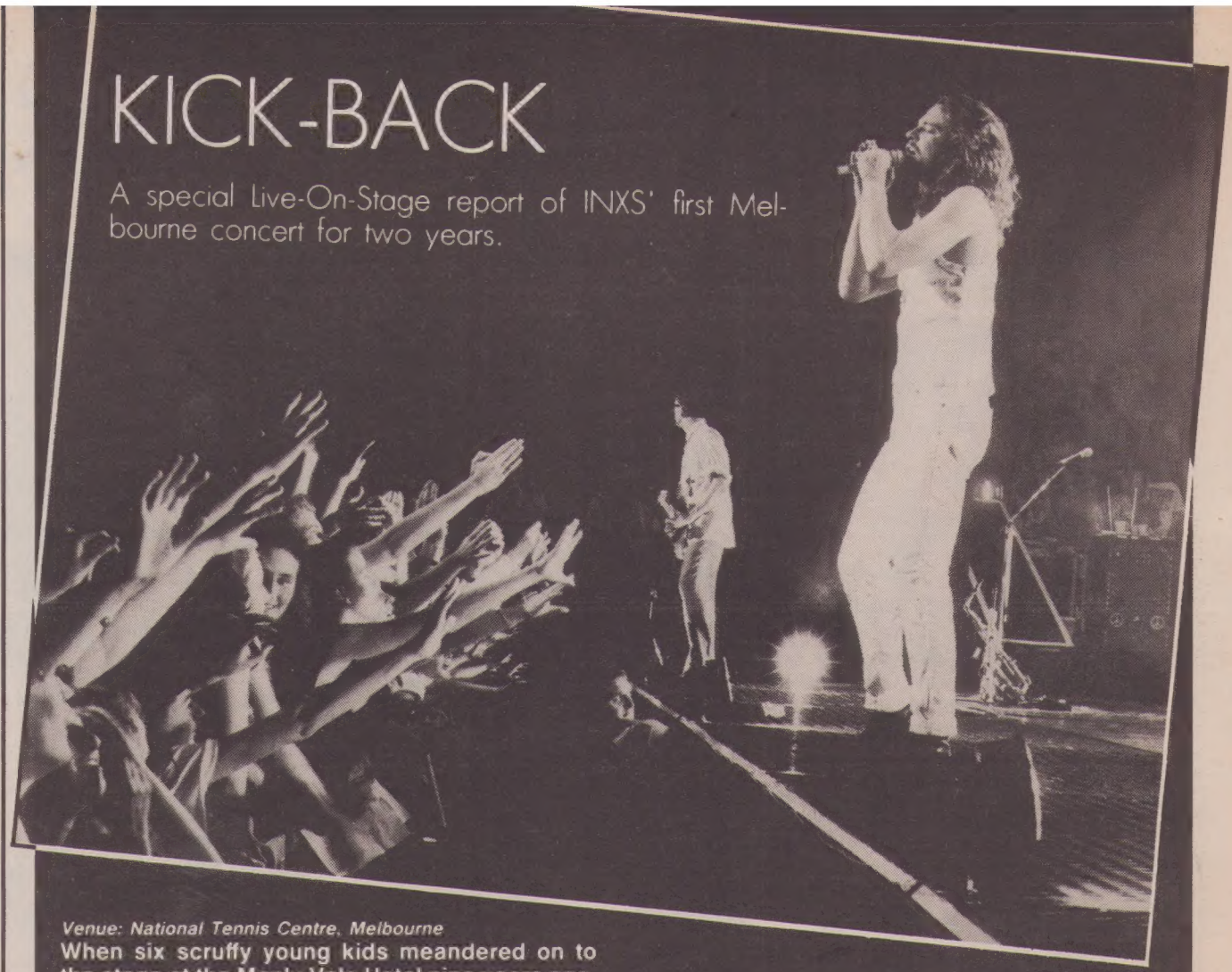
6/7 MACHINATIONS
8 HOT BAGELS
9 EXPLODING WHITE MICE
11 VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE
12/13 BIZARRE ROCK DEATHS
14 ARLEN ROTH
15 1988 READERS' POLL
16/17 RUN DMC
21 STEVE VAI: PART 2

REGULAR FEATURES

18/19 ALBUMS
Pet Shop Boys, Ofra Haza, Catfish, Wet Ones, Let's Active, Machinations, The Greg Allman Band, Paul Simon, Anita Baker
SINGLES
Stephen Walker strikes again!
WIN!
Rap LP packs!
20 VIDEOS
Year Of The Dragon
Surrender
FILM
"Caveman" star to play Jerry Lee Lewis
ROCKWORDS
22/23 CHARTS
OUT THIS WEEK
LIVE ON STAGE
Bros, Wa Wa Nee
26/27 GIG GUIDE
INTERNATIONAL TOURS
OZ CONCERT TOURS
28 BANDWAGON
Virgier Arpege basses, Korg "Concerto" and "Symphony" MIDI recorders and players; Susanna Hoffs Rickenbacker guitars, Digidesign Sound Accelerator.

KICK-BACK

A special Live-On-Stage report of INXS' first Melbourne concert for two years.



Venue: National Tennis Centre, Melbourne

When six scruffy young kids meandered on to the stage at the Manly Vale Hotel nine years ago, to play another of their regular Friday night spots, there was a strange buzz of excitement circulating among the 200 or so punters who'd filtered into the smokey beachside pub.

But even though the punchy, streetwise band, who called themselves INXS, were fast becoming the hottest ticket in town, NOBODY could have predicted the dramatic ascension that has taken place between then and now. NOBODY cold have *dreamed* that the same line-up would even be *around* almost a decade later, let alone that they'd become one of the world's biggest acts, capable of filling huge stadiums around the globe and releasing albums (aka: *Kick)* that would sell well over six million copies.

From their middle-class, pseudo angst-ridden origination, INXS have — in quite a fascinating manner — managed to retain a great degree of their initial sidewalk cred, despite the window-wiping over exposure of mega-stardom. In a similar way to Ireland's U2, INXS have accompanied the climb with clever marketing and an inflexible, structural stability. Likewise, the recorded output has been prolific and consistent . . each LP making a bigger dent than the last . . .each tour attracting a larger and larger audience.

Pix by Matthew Deller

Tonight's concert had sold-out weeks ago. Some 11,000 tickets were sold in the space of 26 minutes. Subsequent Melbourne concerts were announced, with similar results.

Says it all really. INXS have battled the rigours of cultural cringe to garner a popularity previously reserved exclusively for international artists using our soil as a stepping stone to Japan, or as a place to play a few warm-up dates for a world tour.

They've reached mega status here; the number of programs

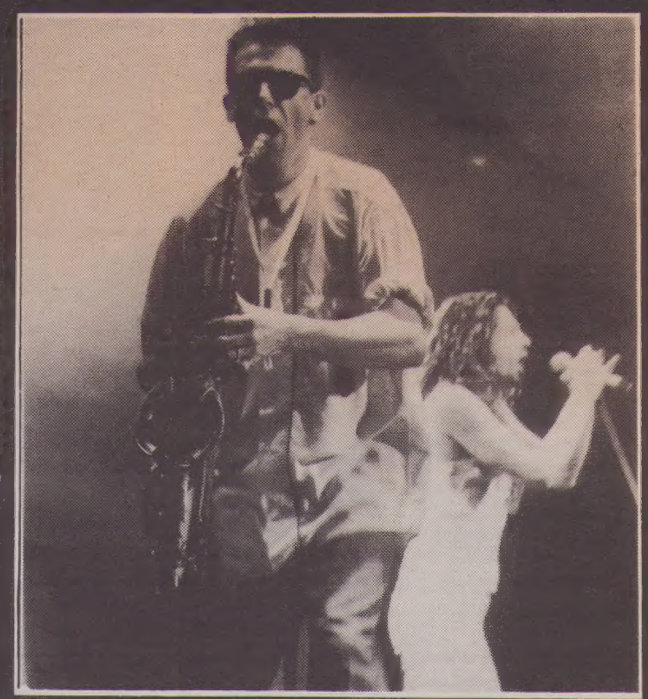
and T-shirts being shifted in the foyer is one sign, but it's stepping into the stadium that does the trick. It's still buzzing like Manly Vale, but instead of a hum, it's a hive. Backstage lurks the six-legged insect Queen, swelled to full size by the dedication of her disciples.

A human wave circulates the arena like some uncanny display of unified homage, punctuated by the sheer diversity of the conglomerate. INXS have done well to cover their bases, never limiting themselves to a singular pocket of style or sound. Correlatively, any one audience will consist of those who play music themselves — and admire; those who've grown up with the songs — and remember; those who like the look — and watch; those fascinated by the fuss and phenonemon — who ponder and some who simply want to indulge in the timeless escape of a loud (make that very *loud)* rock and roll concert.

In respect to their street-bar weaning, INXS keep things relatively simple. A modest stage set, which makes no attempt to hide any of the on-stage technology, has a warm familiarity. Only a superlative computer vari-light extravaganza and a GIGANTIC front-of-house system give the game away.

Screams erupt as the house-lights fall and the speakers explode into the surging power-drive of "Kick". With arrogant (but far from condescending) confidence, the band stands in firm, static defiance of the masses already gnashing and groping for the stage, whilst Hutchence stalks and slides his sleaze back and forth across the overgrown soapbox.

The last time INXS played in Melbourne, over two years ago, the tiredness of their world tour had showed dramatically. They were apathetic on stage and recklessly sloppy. This time, whilst the enthusiasm of the band seems still partically jaded, the entire projection is tight and precise, with enough raw edge and energy in the sound department to avoid sliding perilously into slickness. Over the punchy rhythm programs, sampled drums, driving bass, sax and coarse, glasspaper guitar attack, Hutchence's vocal is an angry and powerful testimony to his semi-Machivalian determination and the intelligent egocentricity which has shaped his rise above the flock. His reckless, Jaggeresque body movements have been honed to an edge of incisive sensuality, which makes him an interesting character to watch on stage. His corkscrew curls fall like some messy mane around his face, whilst a newfound fetish for hippy-ness is reflected in an untucked, flowered kaftan of a shirt, and a vest rescued from the Woodstock opportunity shop.



The pump and grind rock, rhythmic heat-the-beat-and-the-rest'll-turn-sweet JB funk, a brief acoustic spot and dramatic ballads make-up the undulating INXS set, which includes most of the songs from *KICK* along with surprising inclusions of older material like "Just Keep Walking", "Burn For You", "One Thing" and crowd favourite, "Don't Change".

The set is divided into two parts, with a five minute break in between. The second set features mainly older, more melodic, material from the albums which preceded *Kick*, the exception being a moody version of "Need You Tonight"/"Mediate" during which a roadie, teetering like a gymnast on scaffolding above the stage, begins throwing pamphlets — each containing a word from "Mediate" — which float like dove feathers, in a giant ticket-tape parade, to the crowd below. The powerful "Never Tear Us Apart" (also from *Kick)* is likewise included in the second set and features a dramatic, silent blackout midway, before exploding into Kirk Pengally's dramatic sax solo.

Hutchence once said "you see so many people who've hit 16 and gone into automation. They grow into an indifference for life. Too much has already happened so fast and they just-. . shut off". Whilst continuing to challenge the parameters of rock's power and potential for eclecticism, INXS are helping to shake the branches of youthful complacency with inspired energy and ingenuity.

BYRON SMITH

"IT'S NOT PORNOGRAF

That's how the MACHINATIONS described their new video, after ROSS CLELLAND bowled them a googly about their apparent obsession with sex . . .

• Pic by Jason Childs

A*ustralian* Dance Music? Its not quite a contradiction in terms, more like a brave (or foolhardy) effort, doomed to failure, akin to refloating beached whales or pushing shit uphill.

Sydney's Machinations have been risking that particular smelly hernia for eight years now, taking the groove to the sweaty masses in beer barns across this wide brown land.

Hairy-chested, butch rock and roll is the preferred currency in these suburban venues, where funky dance music is considered fit only for faggots and inner-city yuppies.

But the Machos still draw big crowds, apparently loud and tough enough to push through the prejudice.

Only the Machos, and to a lesser extent The Rockmelons, have any power in the suburbs — and the dancefloor casualities are many: the lamented I'm Talking, Flotsam Jetsam and all those Melbourne bands with nice haircuts and no guts.

The release of Machinations' third studio album. *Uptown,* sees them batting up for another innings on the publicity pitch, and at the end of Day Two of interviews, with everybody from *TV Hits* to *The Noise,* singer Fred Loneragan and guitarist Tim Doyle are on a wearing wicket, and beginning to hear the same questions.

"It hasn't been too bad," Fred allows, "but just don't ask the one about why we made a pornographic video first, OK?"

For the unknowing, The Macho's new video for latest single, "Do It To Me" is a little, ahem, steamy and has copped a ban from just about every TV show in the country. But, for the sake of interviewer/interviewee relations, we'll leave that googly till later.

"So," I challenge, putting on my best probing Derryn Hinch sneer, "Why is this album better than the last one?"

Tim sizes up this verbal bouncer and dispatches it to the fence.

"Basically we knew what we were doing this time," he answers.

"I finally know some of the technical stuff, so I can now go after the sounds I want. Of course, now in retrospect, there's stuff on it I'd like to change.

"It all sounded fine when we approved it — but that seems so long ago now, more than six months."

Ah, a view of the stumps. Why did it take soooooo long to come out? The people at Mushroom Records got as sick of telling me "it should be out in a week or two" as I got of asking. Describing this record as "eagerly awaited" became a bit of a bad joke to Machinations fans.

Fred lets this one pass through to the keeper: "Nobody's actually been able to give us one pure reason why, either."

But Tim is a little more willing to play the hook shot: "We did everything right," he opens up, "had the whole record written and demo'ed before we left for New Jersey to record it. We only went one extra day in the studio and even came in under budget?", he exclaimed.

If you don't know, an album recorded overseas coming in under budget is like a Pakistani umpire giving Javed out LBW. To wit, *very* unlikely.

"It was actually finished in March," he continued, "but silly little things kept holding it up, like the colour printing on the sleeve — little things."

"Little things like Kylie Minogue," Fred adds. Another reason for the delay, was having to have Festival Records presses all going full tilt to keep up with the demand for the Ramsey St Warbler's twelve inches of heaven. You can't argue with potential profit, can you?

Part of the reason for the aforementioned downtown price of *Uptown* was accommodation and recording facilities which were, to say the least, basic.

"We rented two tiny apartments near the studio," said Fred. "I got the one-bedroom one, and I can't think of a a time I had less than six or seven people in it. It was surprised, but nobody seemed to really get on each others nerves."

"I got the shits badly a couple of times," Tim interrupted.

"I didn't notice," Fred replies.

"That'd be right — you wouldn't", gripes Doyle.

Sorry to break up the domestic, chaps, but what about the record?

Tim: "The studio we were in was brand new — actually it wasn't even quite finished. All the equipment was in, but some of the cosmetic work was still going on — painting, a bit of hammering and sawing.

"This is how we found our extra keyboard player for the record. Cosmo was a carpenter working on the studio — most of the tradesmen were musicians bartering for studio time and stuff.

"We found him out in the hall one day — just playing with his organ *(sounds like a typical musician to me — RC).* So we just dragged him in."

Half of the wonderfully out-of-whack piano on *Uptown's* closer, "Normal", is the tea-break tinklings of the studio's woodcutter.

"Normal" is actually anything *but* the normal chunky-dance-groove, associated with the Machos. With some discussion. Tim, Fred and your humble scribe decide about the only reference point is a similarity to the off-kilter noises of Split Enz, circa 1974.

Tim: "Actually, it's based on an old Prince riff. Fred hated the song when he first heard it. I can still hear the whinge: *'I can't do anything with THAT!'.* But he has learned to love its bizarreness."

But the time has come to try the spin attack, as sex rears its ugly head.

"'Normal' aside, a lot of people would say you've become a little obsessed with the physical," I venture. "'Intimacy', 'Do To You', 'Do It To Me' — we seem to have a bit of a thread here."

HY . . . JUST PURE SLEAZE''

• Pic by Jason Childs

"Its probably not as sexual as most people would think," Fred defends with a straight bat. "Its more about personal politics. Most people, if they see a lyric which is a bit oblique, tend to believe its sexually based — even if it isn't."

But Fred, *"Do it to me baby, Do it to me right, Do it to me, baby all through the night"* can hardly be described as "oblique".

"Oh, yeah — thaty's pretty direct, pure sleaze actually," Fred concedes, "and the video is just reflecting that. It's not pornography, just pure sleaze — dirty dancing for the 80's."

Admittedly, "Do It To Me" is only second favorite for the raincoat brigade at the moment, slightly shadowed by the, um, musical and visual brilliance of The Chantoozies' latest film romp.

"Yeah, I've heard its a good one", agrees Tim.

Should "Do It To Me" undeservedly go the same way as its predecessor single, the wonderful "Intimacy", the next single is already chosen. The hook-filled "Cars And Planes" is set to go in at the fall of the next wicket.

"Cars And Planes" has been road-tested by the band for nearly a year, and is an audience favourite.

"And they can't claim this one's suggestive," Tim bristles. "Its a song about yuppies, dating back to the stock market crash, and how material things aren't enough without love. Nice and wholesome".

If songs of this quality keep sinking without trace, due to the mindless nostalgia of Australia radio, this country will loose its best bands.

Tim: "I was really f....d off when Intimacy was being ignored. That was my baby, I wrote most of it, even mixed it myself — and the east coast ignored it."

"The radio stations are so unfocused," he went on, "'Intimacy' was actually Top Ten in Perth, while one programmer in Brisbane just dismisses all dance music as crap and just refuses to even listen to anything. What can you do?"

Fred: "There has to be something wrong when one of the top AM stations in Sydney adds only one new record to its playlist every fortnight — and that's a song that is 20 years old."

"You can actually pinpoint when this started happening," says Tim, "The demise of *Countdown* stopped new stuff getting to the kids.

"At least the charts are now beginning to show you can produce hits from the dance clubs, particularly in Melbourne, and the radio ratings are still going down everywhere — I don't know anybody who actually listens to the radio anymore. Things may change over the summer, we can only hope."

Right. Hands-up all those who agree with those sentiments. I thought so, now pick the magazine back up and keep reading!

Just a point, guys. Do you consider yourselves a dance band, a rock band, a pop band or, as you were once described: "a 12-legged post-punk groove machine"?

Fred: "Where did that last one come from — I'll use that."

Tim: "We tend to refer to ourselves as upright and pink."

Ever been sorry you asked a question?

But being an "upright and pink" dance band, is there a chance you'd base overseas, where you could develop a bigger following than here in the home of hairy-chested rock and roll?

"Just a minute," announced Fred, checking down his shirt, "I'm as hairy-chested as the next guy!"

"No you're not", said the next guy.

"We can still draw crowds here, although not as big as some people," said Fred as he glanced at the billboard-sized visage of Mr James Barnes that dominates the Mushroom Records conference room.

"We have thought about leaving, and there are interested parties overseas," he continued. "We could even bluff our way into some really fashionable dance clubs in New York just by proving we were in the band. Fame at last!"

Tim takes up the story: "One new club even advertised the fact they were playing our records to prove how hip they were. The Psychedelic Furs, New Order and us!"

"I used to think America would be really big and intimidating — so big, so many people — but when you live there for a while, and focus down on a small section, you can get used to it."

"But we'd still call Australia home," Fred sighs melodically.

Machinations should give great hope to those countless school bands bashing out "China Grove" and "Smoke on The Water" *(Fred: "Hey, we can still play that!").* Doyle, Loneragan, plus bassist Nero Swan and keyboardist Tony Starr, met over a decade ago as students of St Leo's Wahroonga, on Sydney's north shore. A real musical hothouse, St Leo's also moulded the young lives of the Ferris clan — five brothers whose credits include being the nucleus of Flotsam Jetsam. Pee Wee Ferris is Sydney's leading club DJ. Other Ferris's put together the *Down Under By Law* Oz-rap compilation and "one's our soundman". Still togehter, Machinations are this country's leading dance music exponents — a band of international repute.

The light fading, I roll the arm over one more time: "So, what next?" I inquire.

"First its the national tour to support the album," said Fred.

"The tour we should have been doing six months ago," sneers Tim.

"And then?," I press.

"Probably overseas to tour some more and then start the cycle again," says Tim. "Do you know what I'm listening to at home at the moment?"

"Er, no?," I pad up defensively.

"My bloody Mackintosh computer — starting to write stuff for the *next* album," he snaps. "The most musical sound at home at the moment is the computer burping, farting and whizzing. But that's showbiz!"

He then aims a straight drive right at me.

"And what are *you* going to do next?," Tim inquires.

Nothing throws a writer more than the interview subject starting to ask questions back. Hunter becomes hunted.

"Well," I stammer, "I'm probably going to go up and sit in the part and write this story about you. Being a professional writer is just as odd as being a professional musician, y'know."

We all nod and chuckle and agree to give our respective strange professions away when we no longer enjoy what we're doing. But not just yet, eh guys?

After all, as the very last line of the *Uptown* album says: *"What good is being normal?"*

Stumps. Match drawn.

COOKIN' UP A STORM

Vin Maskell puckers-up with the cheeky and controversial Hot Bagels and comes eye-to-eye with some steamy satire . . .

The notion of AC/DC, with all their sledgehammer subtlety, singing about the tribulations of pre-menstrual tension is, well, a little horrifying. But take the chorus of their old hit 'TNT', turn it into 'PMT', have it sung by four women, and you've got an authentic anthem about "the curse".

That's the sort of song The Hot Bagels come up with. Over the past seven years, the Bagles have baked-up a reputation for their witty parodies of many rock standards, and while such tunes are still a part of their shows, the Bagels are now intent on stretching out their talents and themes, and on developing their characterisations.

Oliver Rosznay, the director of *The Hot Bagels In A-Pucker Lips Now!,* says the new show is "more thoughtful. It has its reflective moments, but it gets pretty raucous and rowdy. After all, the Bagels are a high-energy group of performers."

A-Pucker Lips Now!, (which begins a five week season in Melbourne at Fitzroy's Universal Theatre on November 9), sees The Hot Bagels stepping up and stepping out. The four Bagels have found a new lease of life with the challenge of putting on an autonomous show.

Just after belting out an impromptu 'PMT', Libbi Gorr points out that "this show is all our own project. We've put together a good support team;' we're not restricted by outside management or promoters or whatever; and we've written all the material. It's been exhilarating."

IN THE BAGE-INNING

Time to back-track a little, to the first batch of Bagels. Ana and Lena Fiszman formed The Hot Bagels in 1981 and, coming from the well-to-do Melbourne suburb of Caulfield, were quickly branded with the tag of 'Jewish humour'. The group's repertoire included less than respectful versions of '9 to 5', 'Hot Legs', 'Fire' and numerous other songs.

The present line-up consolidated in 1986 and includes Janine De Lorenzo, along with Libbi, Anna and Lena. Anna is a qualified language teacher, who works as an insurance representative; Lena is doing a business course; Janine teaches music part-time; and Libbi has tried her hand at sports broadcasting.

In their shows, the four women take on particular characters, characters Oliver Rosznay describes as being "larger than life. the material comes from their own experiences, of course, and is fictionalised for the show."

Anna becomes Anna Banana, a failed debutante, an aspiring opera singer with a collection of seven engagement rings that are testimony to her troubles with men. Lena is Lena Lockshen, passionate about kosher pizzas, fast motorbikes and detective stories. Janine is Janina Tortellina, whose curriculum vitae includes a sting as organist at a funeral parlour. Libbi is Libbi Lentelle, who believes she is the love child of Daryl Braithwaite *and* J.F.K.

• The Bagels paying their respects to the female half of the Chantoozies.

Larger than life, indeed. But there are serious concerns in the lives of these characters. The song 'Criminal Justice System' is a lively folk tune that covers such topics as Ned Kelly, deaths in custody, Chambers and Barlow, and Lindy Chamberlain. The Bagels turn the old Maureen McGovern weepie, 'The Morning After' into a surreal look at life and death after nuclear warfare.

The Hot Bagels have been described as 'feminist', in a less than positive use of the word. Anna Fiszman says that the Bagels are consciously aiming for "an idealogy that focuses on humanist values. Feminism is a form of humanism unless it's used the wrong way and then it just becomes another oppressive philosophy."

Essentially, though, the *A-Pucker Lips Now!* show is about relationships with men. "In the past," says Oliver, "the Bagels have done group songs about relationships. This time there are duets and solos that bring out different perspectives. Revelations come from each character about their relationships."

Speaking of the show generally, Oliver says that it "raises issues in a light-hearted way. The Hot Bagels present fairly irreverent attitudes without being confrontationist. With a venue such as The Universal Theatre, as opposed to pubs and restaurants, say, the performers' concentration and focus of attention can be a lot tighter. Hopefully, there will be *some* heckling from the audience. That would be interesting. The Bagels are certainly used to handling hecklers. They know how to throw it back!"

The women have had their doses of controversy, including being banned from outdoor venues in Queensland. (Apparently their Expo show was considered a bit risque). Adelaide and Sydney have been keener in their responses to the Bagels, with one Adelaide critic enthusiastically describing them as "trashy, sleazy and disgusting . . . they turned the charm full-on and hammed it up to the extreme."

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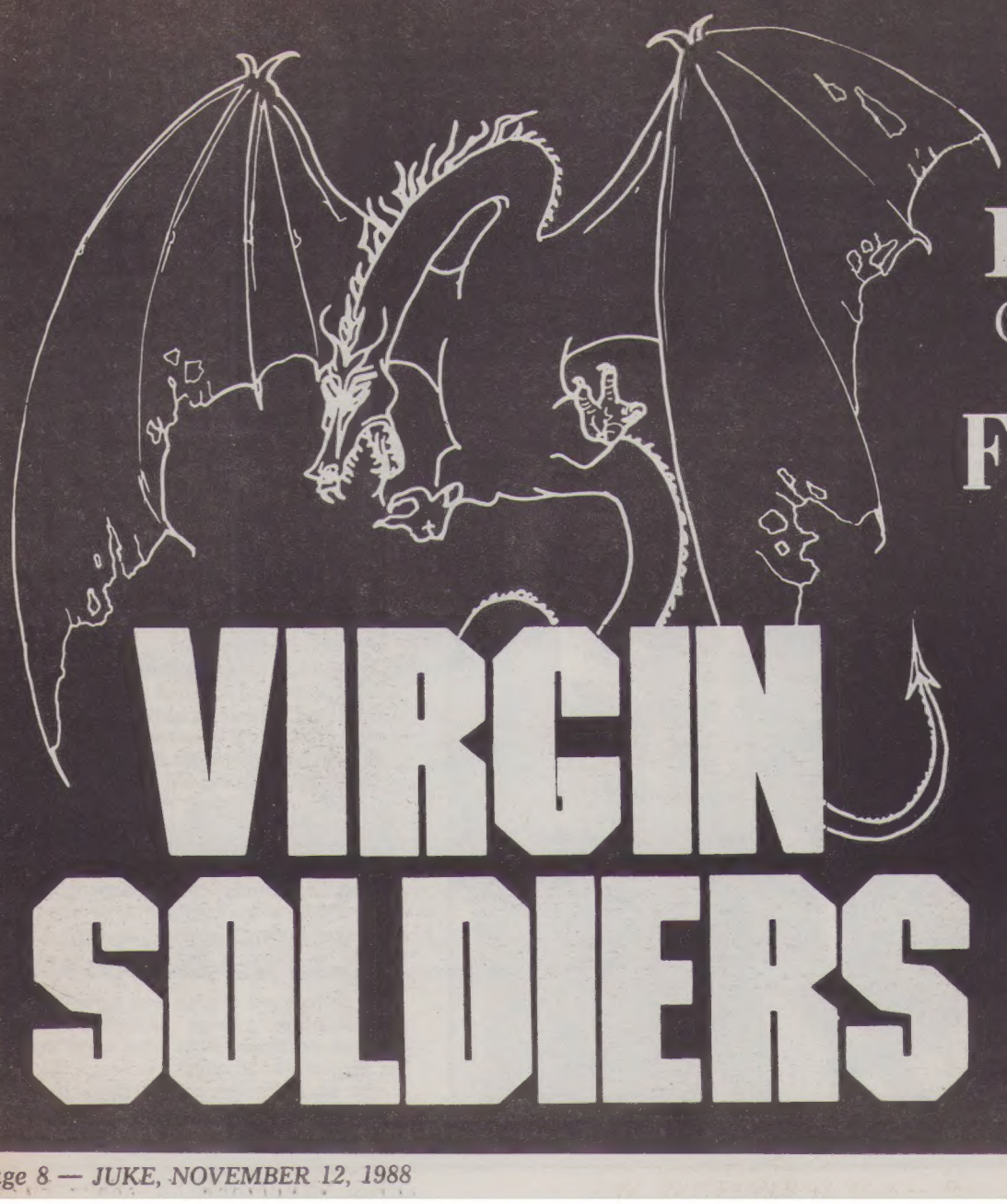

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SQUEAK AND DESTROY

Adelaide's infamouse EXPLODING WHITE MICE have a lot to say about being compared to the Ramones and they're not about to let MURRAY ENGLEHEART trap them into breakdown number two . . .

Rock Arena's footage of Radio Birdman ripping-it-up, at Adelaide's Marrickville Hotel in 1977, is probably the greatest insight available into the total frenzy the band were able to inspire in-and from-their followers. One member of the audience has what he can fit of his hands in his ears, while all those around him give themselves, unconsciously, to the physical pull of the music. One guy however, stands out as something of a ringleader amongst the sea of gyrating limbs. A kid in a white shirt and black skinny tie, with a badge on each side of his collar, throwing out momentary challenges to Rob Younger for billing. It's his moment, whether he is aware of it or note, though he seems to be instinctively acting upon it. The kid is long time- and now former Exploding White Mice rhythm guitarist, Giles Barrow.

Although Mice vocalist, Paul Gilchrist says he was not actually at the show, as he was only fifteen at the time, lead guitarist, Jeff Stephens remembers the night well.

"I was there and Giles was in the front row. He hogs the camera. He used to live just around the corner from the Marrickville, still does in fact. I was up the back. I was scared of getting crushed to death. There were a lot more people there than it looked on that video. I saw them (Birdman) at a place called the Paradise Hotel, which is north-east of Adelaide and there were about 20 people there, half of them were friends of the band. They weren't very good that night."

Can the Mice see themselves taking on Birdman's paramilitary attitude, or is it all too much fun?

Jeff: "I wouldn't like to see that happen. A lot of people reckon we're too serious now, which I can't see, because I have a good time when I'm playing and hopefully that comes across. That Birdman thing that they took on was very conscious. If we did that we'd be putting ourselves up as moving targets. If we started coming out with green shirts and arm bands . . . holy christ, we get enough of that now!"

Paul: "I still like to laugh when we play, because something really bizarre usually happens."

Jeff: "I think maybe the album might come across as being a bit serious. Live, I think we always do songs we do just for the fun of it. Fun with a capital 'F'. 'California Sun', we don't play that anymore, but songs like that. Birdman used to do that too. They were a pretty serious band but they still played surf songs and things like 'Let The Kids Dance'."

STATUS

Not yet four years old, the Mice already shoulder a near-legendary status.

As Adelaide natives the band are proof of the effect of the isolation syndrome.

For over ten years Sydney has held the crown as the Radio Birdman and thus Stooges and MC5 memorial city. Despite being largely isolated from all this, the Mice and the now defunct, The Plague, embraced the classic hard rock that fired the Otherside, Rob Younger's first post-Birdman outing, as well as Birdman themselves, in a sphere where the music of the New York Dolls, Stooges, DMZ, Pagans and the Ramones was not just an informed choice, but fine taste. The territorial concerns of the Mice reflected an alternative to what seemed to be a choice between the city's hammering howl of Grong Grong's spectre and multitextured, more eclectic rock.

Their debut mini LP, *A Nest Of Vipers* which consisted of three covers and three self-penned pieces, was a first rate example, on the strength of the originals alone; of dynamic negativism and remains the Greasy Pop label's largest seller. Big Time Records, in America, later licensed the record and Universal Films licensed "Dangerous" from it for the soundtrack of *The Allnighter*. A single of John Kongos "He's Gonna Step On You Again" was the weak link in an otherwise strong chain and so the band's first full-length LP, *Brute Force and Ignorance* needed to carry real weight and support the expectations that many have had of the Mice for so long. And it is a strong piece of work even though it falls short of being their ultimate statement, due in the most part to what I perceive as an over-reliance on distinct role models, as opposed to detached heroes, in this case the Ramones. My suggestion "of a Ramones" connection are rejected by the band . . .

Jeff: "No connection at all. I mean we like the Ramones. We like lots of other bands too, but for some reason people seem to jump on this thing, that we sound like the Ramones."

It's pretty pronounced on the LP, I suggest . . .

"Other people seem to be able to see it much more than we can. It's definitely not a . . ."

Paul: "Conscious thing."

Jeff: "I know a couple of things do sound- . . . like 'Worry About Nothing' sounds a bit like them, but we didn't set out for it to be like that. People seem to think we're going out of our way to copy them."

Rightly or wrongly, the band have acquired a tag as something of a rock 'n' roll jukebox. Doesn't that trivalise things a little?

Paul: "Ideally, when the band is running fine and no-one's got broken toes or anything and we haven't just got a new guitarist *(Dave Mason formerly with the Acid Drops and the Primevils)* we can play all our songs and we generally throw in one or two covers. I don't know, it was fair enough for people to say that when we first started, because we just started off playing covers, but we're writing our own songs which are as good as a lot of the others we play."

Jeff: "That all came about initially because the band only got together to do one party and throw together a dozen songs and covers and then got offered a gig at a pub a week later than that. Three weeks later they were playing at the bloody Tivoli in Adelaide with a whole set full of covers and it went from there. It took a while for the band to . . . it all happened too quickly! Most bands rehearse and practice for six months before they do a gig and by then they've got their whole set worked out."

I always felt that was part of the beauty of . . . *Vipers* the fact that it was done quickly.

Paul: "Yeah. That was going into the studio for the first time purely because Doug *(Thomas, Greasy Pop)* wanted one track for a compilation album. At this stage we had a couple of originals and we also decided to do a couple of covers to see what they sounded like on tape and he heard them and liked them and that's it."

You appear to have a passion for *Spinal Tap* volume levels. Is that a conscious effort?

Jeff: "Definitely. The new LP played at low volume sounds terrible. Played loud it sounds great. It's that sort of music, it's part of the music. It really pisses us off when we play in venues and people there book us and they come up to us during soundcheck and say you're too loud and you've got to turn down. I think well you know if you're going to book a band like us you should realise, first of all you should know what sort of band we are."

Paul: "It's like on stage sometimes. You get told by various sound people you have to turn down so they can get a decent mix and it's very hard to get into it when there is no- . . . power on stage."

Do the Mice have some sort of code of behaviour on stage or before a gig, such as a beer quota?

Paul: "It's really on everyone's heads for themselves to make sure they are not too pissed to play."

Jeff: "Everyone knows how much they can drink, or whatever, before they go on. A few times, everyone in the band has gone a bit further than they should have and f--ked up pretty badly. You look back and laugh now but on the night, sometimes it's been pretty bad. When one person can't play, it throws the whole thing out and becomes embarrassing. But there's no set regiment."

Paul: "Everybody knows they can get away with f--king-up once every six months say, but you wouldn't want to do it much more than that."

Along with the Lime Spiders the Mice are very much the standard bearers on a major label in this country.

Jeff: "There's a bit of a sense of responsibility as far as that's concerned. I feel really conscious that a lot of people are waiting for us to sell-out or become something we're not."

Much to the band's pleasure, members of The Hard Ons, who recently returned from America, had people ask them about the Mice, though a much-rumoured overseas tour has yet to hit the drawing board.

Jeff: "We've got no plans. I don't know where this rumour comes up from."

From your press release . . .

Does your audience ever challenge you?

Jeff: "It doesn't seem to happen so much now but when we first started we got a lot of it. We used to have skinheads come to every one of our gigs, when we first started, because they really liked us, they didn't come to cause trouble. It used to put everyone else off, because they'd congregate right down the front and there'd be them at the front then this huge gap and everyone else standing well back. And all of a sudden, overnight, they just stopped liking us and didn't come back anymore."

Paul: "The other night I had a can brush by my head and I thought 'here we go again'."

★ ★ ★

After a recent gig, Paul lent into another beer by the side of the stage. He was exhausted. An enthusiastic fan approached him. He had earlier been spitting beer at the stage and now he wanted a T-shirt, cheap. Gilchrist spoke carefully "You shouldn't spit beer like that. If it gets into the wedges they might pop and that's expensive."

The kid was unmoved.

"Can I get a shirt for $5?" Paul realised he may have a long argument ahead of him and chose his words thoughtfully, but not without some leverage. "Look, we came up here not intending to give any away. They cost us $10.50 to make." The kid persisted with an offer of twelve dollars and Paul politely declined and then the kid, knowing somehow that the bartering had finally come to an end, agreed to the $15 tag, but not before issuing a final instruction. *"Get me an extra large."*

Ah, the fragility of the human condition.

Strange experience?

Paul: "The strangest thing that would have ever happened to David would have been that girl going into the band room afterwards. Do you remember hearing about that? *(looking at Jeff Stephens)* He was packing up his drums in the band room and this girl walked out and lifted up her skirt and said '*what do you think about that?!*'

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JUST LIKE HONEY

Melissa Brooke-Belland of VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE talks about the band's delicious pop and makes a few stinging comments about the new crop of female chart-toppers, while our own MICHAEL WITHEFORD falls in love . . .

• Melissa (L) with co-Hive inhabitant, Tracey Bryn.

Pop can mean anything these days. When John Farnham's painfully pug-ugly vocal exercises are labelled 'pop', then better terminology is needed to describe the history of a music which has had amongst its prime components artists like Buddy Holly, The Beatles (up to *Revolver*), The Monkees, Blondie, Nick Lowe and Crowded House. Now THAT is 'pop', or more accurately I suppose, 'pure pop', characterised by mouth watering tunes, simple-but-imaginative-instrumentation, wry wit, lack of pretension and a sense of timeless excellence, independent of fashion but perfect for now, and always.

If this be the definition, then Voice Of The Beehive are not merely falling into the category. They are the current world champs. The most visually arresting funny/glum bunch of mainstream pop realists in the whole wide world.

As the focus of the group, Melissa Brooke Belland and her sister Tracey Bryn don't give a toss whether they are perceived as total SQUARES, dazzlingly hip, or nothing at all.

During the video for "I Say Nothing" the singing, swinging siblings career around the set in dresses which would make Cyndi Lauper look funereal. They offer an alternative to the bippity, boppity, disco bimbos, and the fey girliness of The Bangles, Jane Wiedlin et al, AND the bloody miserable singer/songwriting females of 1988. And especially Tinyvision Vamp!

Melissa and Tracey write from a female viewpoint, and their words have as much relevance to the strife of everyday life as Morrissey.

The ladies' stoicism is expressed in . . . in three minute firecrackers of surging pop, set ablaze by a killer band featuring ex-Madness drummer Woody, and the not so famous Martin Brett and Mike Jones.

In a world where the most successful pop stars are total phoney, baloney BORES, we need Voice Of The Beehive to be as big as the hugest thing you can think of. If you don't buy the *Let It Bee* album you ought to be dunked in a big vat of sick. SO THERE!!

PROLOGUE

Melissa has just woken up and put the kettle on when the call is connected. Three years living in London hasn't diluted her brash Californian accent as opinions and anecdotes rocket down the line, with the hyper-speed delivery of someone trying to follow a T.V. auto-cue gone bananas. Her enthusiasm would make David Lee Roth feel like a real dull potato.

All I really have to do is listen to the story . . .

CHAPTER 1: MELISSA TAKES HER TIME

"You can say it took us a long f...in' time to have a hit in England and it did. It took us three singles. BUT the band has been together a year and a half; we have a major record deal, we've got a huge following in England, so you've got to put it in perspective. I mean London (*rec. co. — Ed)* was shocked when the first two singles didn't go. I thought those songs were better than so much that was in the charts. I have no idea . . . people must have really bad taste. But we're just babies. We're just starting out and we've had a lot of success for the little time we've been together. In a way this is better because if our first single had been No. 1, I think the record company would have put their fingers in a lot earlier, and started to tell us how to make our records. The pressure would have increased a lot quicker. We're getting some pressure from them right now and I DON'T LIKE IT! The band's smart enough now to say 'Wait a minute, we don't really want to use that producer, the guy's a dick', so I'm honestly glad the first single didn't take off."

CHAPTER 2: MELISSA LIKES LONDON

"I was in America about two weeks ago and I could not wait to get home. It was driving me absolutely crazy. The one thing that really bothers me about London is the trash. People have absolutely no respect for anything, there's litter everywhere. I've never seen a dirtier city, not even New York, O.K.? But the weather doesn't bother me, so I'm happy here."

CHAPTER 3: MELISSA GOES PROMOTING IN THE U.S.A.

"Really . . . f...ing . . . boring. When we go back to play it'll be more like 'Yeah, we're home to do something good'. This was just meeting people from the record company, and it was really hard because you've got to meet 15 people a day, and you have to be nice because they're enthusiastic about what you're doing, and you have to answer the same questions a thousand times (adopts squeaky bimbo voice) *and have photos taken, and go out to lunch.* All these restaurants were so damn EXPENSIVE! It was like 14 forks and formal waiters. The food is crap anyhow, and you can't really sit down and laugh and have a drink, because you're drawing attention to yourself. Somebody said 'How are you enjoying it' and I said 'It's a bit too stuffy' so after that we went out to clubs and coffee shops and I really enjoyed it from that point on."

CHAPTER 4: MELISSA ASKS MORRISSEY TO MOVE OVER

"It's not conscious, the song just comes out like that. It's almost a mistake, a happy, poppy melody and a serious lyric. If people just like the sound of the song, that's fine, but if they want to listen to lyrics it's important that there's something there, that it's not shallow and empty. A lot of the songs are political in an everyday sense. 'What You Have Is Enough' is about money. It's not telling you how to vote but it's taking a stance on a situation and how some people can have f...ing 18 tiaras like the Queen, and 30 castles, and pensioners don't even have hot water.

"The lyrics are a bit like medicine, some of them are a bit hard to digest but the melody is sweet like sugar, so . . . a spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down.

"We have five people in the band who think the same way. We all have tremendously different influences, but when it comes to putting something onto vinyl we all get a lightbulb over our head at the same time, which I think is f...ing rare and it took us a long time to get a line up which could achieve that."

CHAPTER 5: MELISSA LEARNS A LESSON

"The only song on the album I don't like is 'Sorrow Floats'. The producer got hold of that f...ing song and he changed A to B, B to F, F to Q. He changed the chorus, he changed the verse. It's still remotely the same, but I was unhappy when we did it and therefore I don't have any vocals on it, ha ha, because I was having such an attitude problem. But when you've got a producer who's FAMOUS and respected saying, 'Trust me, I've been doing this for years', you feel like you gotta trust somebody, but I'm gonna die with this record on my grave, not him, and he f...ing wrecked the song."

CHAPTER 6: MELISSA WATCHES NEIGHBOURS

"Yes I do! And you sound like one of the cast."

Whaaaaaaaaa!?

"Well you have an Australian accent! You live in Melbourne? Isn't that where they film Neighbours? Doesn't that drive you crazy?"

CHAPTER 7: MELISSA DIGS KYLIE

"First of all I see her on the T.V. and I think . . . 'Cute girl'. Then we did Top Of The Pops with her and having seen her in person, she is absolutely BREATHTAKING. That girl is so beautiful, and she's obviously a very hard worker, because she was surrounded by photographers, and people begging for her autograph; in the dressing room! That's where she's supposed to get to get away, and I looked at her, and she was smiling and I thought, 'My God, she's a f...ing professional.'

"If somebody's pissing-me-off I have trouble just going 'Oh hi', and she'll go far because she can. I was very impressed with her."

CHAPTER 8: MELISSA HAS HER SAY ABOUT THE SEX DOLLS OF POP

Tracey and I made a deal that we would never criticise. Then we did an interview covering everything from abortion, to Ecstasy, to religion, to birth control. It was the best conversation, and he picked on this ridiculous thing about Sam Fox and Wendy James and after we read it we went around saying it was taken out of proportion, but I don't like Wendy James, I'm sorry. I don't like Sam Fox. I think it's CRAP!

"Then afterwards I felt really bad about saying it and I tried to underplay it, but I had girls coming up to me and saying 'That was so right on what you said about Sam Fox getting her tits out blah, blah, blah.' I thought 'Well that's interesting, people agree with me', but then I kept seeing Sam Fox. I kept seeing Wendy James and it REALLY, REALLY bothers me! I feel very strongly about it. Then one day I was talking to Tracey and I was in tears, because Wendy James had appeared on the front of a magazine nude here, and the week before she'd said she wouldn't get her tits out to sell records, and I saw the hypocrisy of it, and the lie of it. Tracey said *'You shouldn't keep you mouth shut. Look how much it bothers you. If you want to say it in N.M.E. then f...ing say it.'* It was a big deal here. It got to the point where I said 'I'm sorry I feel that way. I DO think it's crap, and I'm using my opportunity to speak out.' You can speak about Ireland; you can speak about Reagan, you can speak about sexism or whatever. I just happen to be speaking about crap."

CHAPTER 9: MELISSA TALKS ABOUT THE B-SIDES

"We do them ourselves. We go in this cheap studio and kinda mess around. Every member of the band picks a B-side. I picked 'D'Yer Maker' by Led Zeppelin. Tracey picked a Velvet Underground song. Mike picked a Comsat Angels song, or we like to put down live tracks or new stuff of our own. I really get pissed-off when bands just remix the first side and the 12" has three version of the same bloody song. I think it's a total rip off. I think a lot of our B-sides have been wasted. Some have been better than the A-sides."

CHAPTER 10: MELISSA THINKS ZODIAC IS O.K.

"Tracey went out drinking with Zodiac one night, and she said 'Write a song for the Beehive' and they came up the 'There's A Barbarian In The Back Of My Car'. It was kinda like a pisstake really. It was supposed to sound a bit like Dragnet, with the horns and everything. None of The Love Reaction are nasty at all. Zodiac can be moody and occasionally rude, and I don't think that's cool, but he's probably just being annoyed by someone. He is very . . . f...ing . . . smart. His journals and his paintings are unreal. I am sensitive to sexism but I think his lyrics are f...ing hysterical. People say he's taking the piss out of women, I try to see it that way but I can't. I swear he WORSHIPS women. He thinks women are f...ing God, and I think it's true, ha ha."

CHAPTER 11: MELISSA SEES A GHOST

"Tracey used to live in a haunted house, the house we were raised in. A lot of people moved out before us. We were always aware of something, especially Tracey, 'cos she lived in the room where this person had died. Friends wouldn't come around, it was a very real thing. My parents were divorced, my father was gone and my mother would leave me for weeks at a time, just drop off groceries or cheques for the supermarket. I remember thinking 'If it wasn't for this f...ing ghost I don't know who'd be protecting me.' There was a pirate hat nailed to the wall and every morning it would be on the floor and I'd nail it back up and the same thing would happen again.

"When my mum permanently moved out, my father moved into the house with this stepmother, who I hated. She was a total witch, and she lasted about a week there. She said 'I'm leaving, this house is haunted', and I'm going 'YEEEAAHH get her out of here'!"

CHAPTER 2: MELISSA HANGS ON WHILE THE PHONE LINK DETERIORATES

"You can hear me again! I could hear you the whole time but you couldn't hear me. I bet you thought 'The bitch, she's hung up on me', ha ha."

Never in a million years.

DEATH JAM

Rock's greatest deaths

"Live fast, die young" has always been the rock 'n' roll death wish and the fatalities littering its fast lane prove just how destructive a lifestyle pop can become. Picking his way through the tangled wreckage, spent cartridges, empty syringes, broken blades and black box flight recorders, SEAN O'HAGAN exhumes rock's most bizarre check-outs and celebrates three decades of these ghoulish things!

• Ian Curtis was obsessed with dying young

IAN CURTIS 1956-1980

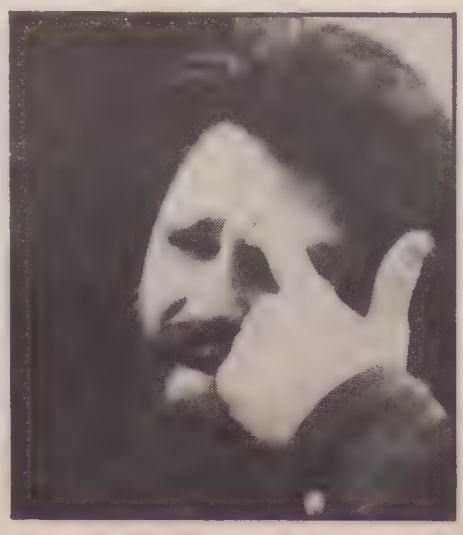
Ian Curtis was only 23 years old when he committed suicide, but throughout his teenage life he had harboured an obsessive devotion to the idea(l) of dying young.

An intense, and some would say neurotic young man, Curtis found the means of articulating, if not exorcising, his angst through the music and performances of Joy Division. A sufferer from epilepsy, he regularly left the stage after a live show drained of all physical energy. Towards the end, he'd be helped off mid set such was the fragile nature of his physical and mental health.

Curtis's death was prefigured by two previous suicide attempts: he was found unconscious at this home bleeding from self inflicted knife wounds sometime in 1979 and, later, following a fraught tour of Holland, he took an overdose following a protracted state of depression.

His mental state, alongside his epilepsy, was rapidly growing more out of control and, following a period of marital difficulty, Curtis locked into the final bout of ultra depression.

On May 17th, Curtis watched Werner Herzog's *Stoszek* on television, stayed awake through the early hours of the next morning and, at an unspecified time, hung himself. His wife found the corpse the next day alongside a note that said, "At this very moment I wish I were dead. I just can't cope any more". His headstone reads "Love will tear us apart." R.I.P.



• Morrison. Some are still convinced he's alive

JIM MORRISON 1944-1971

When the Lizard King went underground and left the rock scene behind for a poet's life in Paris, he never quite managed to shake off a lifestyle that had sealed his reputation. Drink and heroin fuelled a life that left Morrison bloated and world weary. On July 3, 1971, Morrison died in his bath from a heart attack brought on by years of dissolution.

Or, maybe he didn't . . .

The conspiracy theorists claim Morrison staged his own death. By faking going underground for the last time, he could successfully go underground and bury the Morrison myth. The evidence that fuels the Morrison Lives campaign centres round the absence of concrete evidence concerning his corpse. No one saw it or admits to seeing it. There was no official death certificate. The time between his death and the notification of close friends and relatives was at least a week.

Morrison's grave is situated in Pere Lachaise Cemetry, Paris, near Wilde and Balzac. Here, at least he is among the poets. Or not . . . Answers on a postcard please. R.I.P.

JOHN LENNON 1940-1980

On December 5, 1980 John Lennon was stopped in the street outside his New York home and asked for his autograph. He duly signed the diffident young fan's copy of *Double Fantasy* and disappeared into the Dakota Building apartment. Three nights later the same fan lingered patiently outside the same building, waiting for John and Yoko to come home. Propped against the wall beside him was the autographed album: in his hand was his favorite book, Salinger's *Catcher In The Rye*. In his pocket a gun.

Mark Chapman shot John Lennon after years of obsessive devotion to the ex-Beatle. In one act of destruction he sealed his own celebrity. Lennon's insistence on a normal life, free from bodyguards or hermetically sealed privacy was the very move that brought him into contact with his most obsessive fan.

From his prison cell, Chapman demanded the return of his autographed album. He intended to auction it off on behalf of the USA gun lobby. At the height of his fame with The Beatles, Lennon sang 'Happiness Is A Warm Gun' — a song that could have been dedicated to Mark Chapman. R.I.P.

CHARLIE PARKER 1920-1954

The first iconoclast of jazz and a man whose disordered life dripped into a noise so volatile and powerful that it changed the face of 20th century music, Charlie 'Bird' Parker was a huge man with a huge, insatiable appetite for excess that astounded even the most dissolute of his contemporaries.

For most of his working life he lived far beyond the fast lane, strung out on booze, speed, smack and a steady intake of fast food and loose women. Hard dope and carnal sex were Bird's daily catalysts and the way in which he exorcised the demons even his couscating saxophone couldn't fully destroy.

• Charlie Parker was a huge man, with an insatiable appetite

On March 13, 1954, Charlie Parker was recovering from a peptic ulcer attack at the Fifth Avenue apartment of his socialite friend, Baroness Pannenica de Koenigswarter.

Propped up on the sofa trying to remember her name and watching *The Thomas Dorsey Show* on TV, Parker recognised a vaudeville juggler whom he'd seen years ago in his home town of Kansas City. Laughing once again at the tricks from his childhood, Charlie Parker's fast life came home to roost. As Dorsey's band swept into 'Marie' Bird died from a perforated stomach wall and a heart attack.

His physician Dr Preymann estimated his age, from appearance and physical condition, at between 50 and 60. Charlie Parker was 33. Three decades later, the myth continues — it says Bird Lives! R.I.P.

• Lennon: his killer disguised himself as a fan

• John Belushi's brain weighed more than the average man.

JOHN BELUSHI 1949-1982

Belushi lived and died in the LA fast lane, where cocaine is the great leveller, where the successful sons and daughters of Hollywood merge with the street glitterati of West Coast music.

As Bluto in *Animal House* he played the slob for laughs: as John Belushi, celebrity bad boy, he played him for real. *The Blues Brothers* had nothing on hardcore crank merchants Fear, his favorite noise. Trailing a hedonistic crew of celebs and twilight hangers on, Belushi hung out and got wasted with everyone from Derf Scratch to Robert De Niro.

For planned punk movie *Noble Rot*, Belushi asked De Niro's advice on the 'method' — he wanted to actually shoot up smack on camera to capture every last drop of credibility. De Niro agreed this would be the 'ultimate method'. The night before he died Belushi again spent time with De Niro sharing his coke stash before the latter disappeared back to his adjoining room in the Chateau Marmont. In the morning Belushi was found dead.

The autopsy revealed the extent of Belushi's appetite for over indulgence. His brain weighed 1620 grams, 400 more than normal, his heart 460 grams, his bladder was enlarged and filled with 750ccs of urine, over 250ccs more than normal bodies can contain. The verdict was death from acute heroin and cocaine toxicity.

At his memorial service National Lampoon colleague, Dan Aykroyd, played a tape of The Ventures '2000 Pound Bee'. Everyone laughed. R.I.P.

MARVIN GAYE 1939-1984

The last year of Marvin Gaye's tortured life was spent on the run from the demons that fed on his gargantuan cocaine habit. Like Presley, Gaye had retreated to the decadent sanctuary of his bedroom, only one wall away from his beloved mother and alcoholic father.

In the family home, the singer lost himself in drugs, willing women and pornographic videos. "I'd go over there and try and get him out of bed," confided his friend, Cecil Jenkins, " . . . but he just wouldn't move . . . his bedroom looked like something out of *The Exorcist*. I had no doubt the devil got him. All his spirit and energy was gone."

On April Fool's Day, 1984, Marvin Senior woke from a drunken sleep with vengeance on his mind. His relationship with his son had gone from anomosity through pure jealousy into deep fillial loathing. He hated the fact that his son had moved back into the family home, hated his decadent lifestyle and hated, above all, the fact that the soul man had become the household provider.

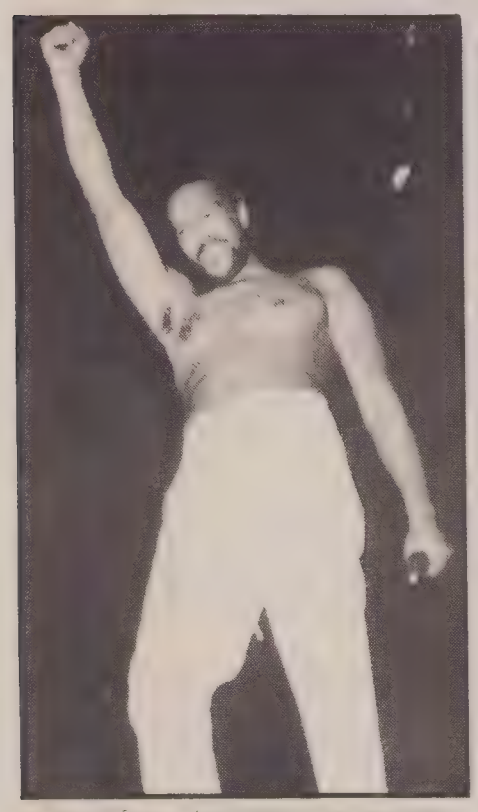
In the next room, Marvin sat listening to his mother read from *The Bible*, in the throes of a recurring cocaine-fuelled psychosis, certain

that an evil force lurked outside waiting to claim his soul.

When his father entered the sanctuary accusing his mother of misplacing an important letter, the young Gaye set upon him, beating him out of the room. Minutes later, the old men re-entered the room armed with a .38 calibre revolver — a present from his son four months previously.

He shot the singer twice in the heart from close range, walked down the stairs, out the door and, having thrown the gun on the lawn, calmly waited for the police to arrive. The next day Marvin Gaye would have been 35.

Marvin Senior was sentenced to five years probation when the judge decided he had acted in self defence. R.I.P.



• Marvin Gaye: shot dead by his own father

GRAM PARSONS 1946-1973

Born November 5, 1946, into a wealthy southern family, the young Gram Parsons was touched by death at an early age: his father, John 'Coon Dog' Connor, shot himself in the head on Christmas Day 1959, and his mother, Avis Parsons. died of alcohol induced malnutrition the day before Gram graduated from high school.

• Gram Parsons OD'd on morphine and tequila.

With the seminal cosmic country sound of The Burritos behind him. Parsons fell into the coterie of hangers-on that trailed The Rolling Stones. He became good friends with Keith Richards, they shared songwriting and drug-taking and a commitment to life on the edge. Some sources claim that Parsons wrote 'Wild Horses' among other Stones' country rambles. When Parsons resumed his own recording career he took Stones "nanny" Phil Kaufman with him. Kaufman had done time with Charles Manson and subsequently spent a few years with The Family, producing Manson's legendary 'Lies' album.

After completing 'Grievous Angel', Parsons and Kaufman took a short vacation at the Joshua Tree Inn out near San Bernadino. On September 19, 1973, Parsons body was found on the floor of his room. His death caused by heart failure due to a lethal combination of tequila and mainlined morphine. Al Barbary, the hotel owner's son, claimed that "there was a chick jerking him off, trying to revive him". She had already brought him to consciousness once by the junkie method of inserting ice cubes up his anus.

Parson's family insisted, against the singer's often stated wish, that his body be brought back to New Orleans for a family burial. On the way back, his corpse was stolen from Los Angeles Airport. Phil Kaufman and a friend, Michael Martin, signed the name 'Jeremy Nobody' on the airport release forms and headed back to the desert.

Near the Joshua Tree National Monument, Gram Parsons' body was burned and the ashes blown over the eerie desert landscape. Kaufman and Martin were later arrested, charged with 'Gram Theft Parsons' but convinced the judge of their "honouring a death pact'

At the Joshua Tree Inn, the manager still has to contend with a steady trickle of Parson's obsessives insisting on "having the room GP died in". R.I.P.

NANCY SPUNGEN 1957-1978

Nancy Spungen's death echoed her life, a sad, messy, mysterious and sordid affair, dripping in inevitability. As a child, she alienated all her family and friends with her wilful and erratic behaviour. At the age of 11, school friends remember a thin child carrying a worn copy of Sylvia Plath's *The Bell Jar* under her arm.

In 1977, when Nancy arrived in London hot on the tail of Johnny Nolan from The Heartbreakers, she had a rep that surpassed outrageous standards of her chosen profession. Nancy Spungen was a groupie whose damaged personality found its perfect match in the ravaged psyche of John Simon Ritchie aka Sid Vicious. Together they became the Bonnie and Clyde of punk, their actions showing a total disregard for personal safety: their victims. themselves.

When Sid toured the States with The Sex Pistols and without Nancy, his misery at their enforced separation manifested itself in heinous heroin abuse and self-mutilation. Across America he paraded his scarred and battered torso until the tour ended with the collapse of the Pistols.

Back in London, Nancy urged Sid to form his own combo — tentatively titled The Junkies. Nothing happened. They moved to New York and a regular date with the methodone clinic. Late in '78, as things moved from bad to worse and beyond, their Chelsea Hotel room became a sanctuary and a prison. Sid woke up from a night of heavy drug abuse to find Nancy dead from a stab wound, her bloodstained body lying by the bed.

A suicide pact gone wrong? A junkies' row? An accident or a murder? Whatever, when Sid Vicious died four months later from a heroin overdose — he'd already tried to kill himself by slashing his wrists shortly after her death — he took the sordid details of Nancy's demise with him. R.I.P.

• Nancy Spungen and Sid Vicious: a bizarre suicide pact?

GO BANG!

Primal rock and roller **JOHNNY ACE** shot himself in the head whilst playing Russian roulette backstage at a Houston show on Christmas Eve in 1954 . . . One **TERRY KATH** of Chicago died when the gun he was cleaning went off just as he pointed the barrel at his head. His wife and a roadie were present at the time (1978) . . . Both soulman **SAM COOKE** and Booker T sidekick **AL JACKSON JNR** were shot. The former by a motel manager who mistook him for a burglar, the latter by an actual burglar who had broken into his house.

GIMME GIMME SHOCK TREATMENT

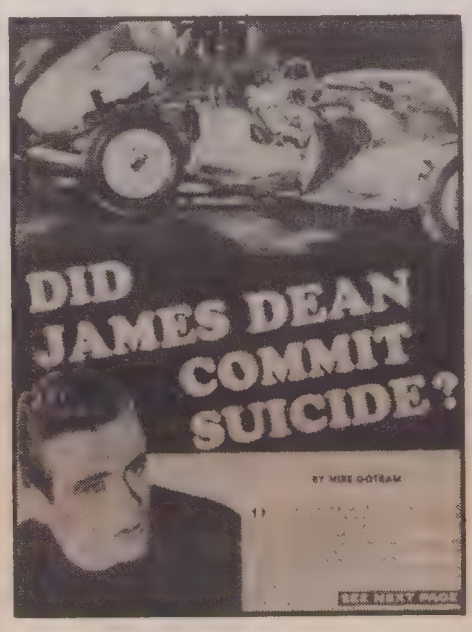
Stone The Crows' guitarist **LES HARVEY** was electrocuted when his mouth touched a live microphone onstage at Swansea University in 1972 . . . **KEITH RELF**, vocalist with the legendary Yardbirds, electrocuted himself whilst playing his guitar in the bath in 1976.

ALL FALL DOWN

SANDY DENNY, late of Fairport Convention, fell down the stairs at home sometime in 1978 . . . **KIT LAMBERT**, manager of The Who did the same thing at his mother's house in 1981 . . . As did soul singer, **TAMMI TERRELL**, who died from the brain damage incurred from the fall.

EAT YOURSELF FITTER?

Mamas And Papas' singer **MAMA CASS** choked to death on a ham sandwich in 1974 . . . **KAREN CARPENTER** died of heart failure after the strain of eating regularly took its toll. She was in the process of recovering from a long struggle with anorexia . . . **JIMI HENDRIX** choked on his own vomit following a barbiturate overdose.



COINCIDENCES

MAMA CASS died in the same flat where **KEITH MOON** passed away four years later. She followed her former lover, Brit jazz rock hero, **GRAHAM BOND**, less than three months after he had thrown himself under a London tube train following his release from a mental home . . . Beach Boy **DENNIS WILSON** drowned off his boat after a midnight drink and drug-induced dip in the ocean. The boat was later bought by actor, Robert Wagner, whose wife **NATALIE WOOD** in mysterious circumstances following a late night swim under the same vessel . . . Pretenders' guitarist, **JAMES HONEYMAN SCOTT** died of a drug "cocktail" OD in June '82. Just over a year later, bass player **PETE FARNDON** died in the same way- . . . **PETER MEADON**, the first manager of The Who, died from a pill overdose on August 5, 1978. A month later drummer **KEITH MOON** ODeed on the contents of a bottle of Heminevren, a drug prescribed to keep him off alcohol- . . . **STEVE TOOK**, late of **T.REX**, joined forces with **DAVE BIDWELL** from Brit blues veterans Chicken Shack to form Shagrat. They played one single gig which dissolved into drug induced chaos. Both Took and Bidwell died from drug overdoses. A short while later, Took's girlfriend and Bidwell's wife died in the same way.

BLOODY MURDER

Jassman **WARDELL GRAY**, a long-term drug addict, was found dead from a broken neck in the Nevada desert apparently killed by gangsters over outstanding gambling debts- . . . **BOBBY** 'I Fought The Law' **FULLER** was murdered by underworld hoods allegedly working for a record company. He had petrol poured down his throat . . . **KING CURTIS** was murdered on his doorstep as was Wailer **PETER TOSH**. Remaining with reggae, **GENERAL ECHO**, the Number One DJ, was shot to death loading speakers into his van after a show and the young Augustus Pablo protege **HUGH MUNDELL** was knifed after a neighbourhood quarrel . . . Rap DJ, **SCOTT LA ROCK** was shot dead by a gang following an argument concerning his ex-girlfriend. One of his last songs was called 'Stop The Violence'.

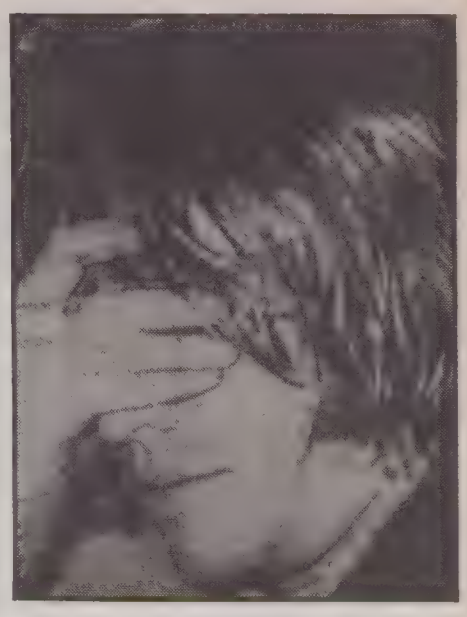
OVERFED, OVERWEIGHT, OVERDOSED

Alongside **MAMA CASS** (see **EAT YOURSELF FITTER**), the two biggest gross-outs were **ELVIS PRESLEY** whom Albert Goldman claims was clothed in a huge nappy, bedridden and suffering from the effects of multiple drug use and an insatiable appetite for junk foods when he shuffled off this mortal coil . . . **JOHN BONHAM** followed suit after years of over eating, over drinking and over indulging in all kinds of drugs. Together they tie with **CHARLIE PARKER**, described by Miles Davis as "a hog", in the insatiable stakes.

• Marc Bolan: T-Wrecked

TRANSPORTED TO HEAVEN

DUANE ALLMAN recorded 'Eat A Peach' with The Allman Brothers Band, then drove his motorcycle into a peach truck . . . **MARC BOLAN** s car crashed into a tree in Barnes, West London, killing the singer and injuring his girlfriend, Gloria Jones . . . **JAMES DEAN** crashed his custom built Spyder 550 Porsche near Chalame, California. The car bore the hand painted inscription 'Little Bastard- . Chess blues and soul man **BILLY STEWART** died when his tour coach went over a cliff. Apparently, nobody was driving the vehicle at the time . . . Plane crashes accounted for **JIM CROCE**, two of **LYNYRD SKYNYRD**, plus **THE BIG BOPPER, RITCHIE VALENS** and **BUDDY HOLLY** in the same plane after passing up the bus journey from Dakota to Iowa because they wouldn't have had time to have their laundry done . . . Earlier this year, **NICO**, legendary chanteuse for The Velvet Underground and infamous ex-junkie, fell off her pushbike whilst cycling in Ibiza.



• Brian Jones: Stone dead

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCES

Alongside **JIM MORRISON** (see main feature-) . . . mystery surrounds the death of **OTIS REDDING** whom rescuers claim was pulled from the *pilot's* seat after the plane ditched in Winsconsin lake . . . Country rock singer **RICK NELSON**'s death was surrounded by rumours that the fire that started on board his plane was the result of a manic cocaine freebasing session. **FLORENCE BALLARD** died in poverty after living on welfare for two years. She had previously been a **SUPREME**, one third of the most successful American female group in pop history . . . **BRIAN JONES** drowned in a swimming pool and, though the official verdict was suicide, insistent rumours suggest that this was the least likely way out. Legal binds prevent publication of the numerous conspiracies that surround the death of the Rolling Stone.

AT THE CROSSROADS

PETER BERGEN catches up with guitarist-to-the-stars ARLEN ROTH and discovers part of the reason why household fame has eluded the talented picker . . .

One of the world's greatest guitar players, Arlen Roth, was recently in our major cities to give a series of guitar clinics and to promote his instructional videos and audio tapes.

A couple of hundred enthusiastic guitar players turned up at The Bridge Hotel in Sydney, to check out Arlen's techniques and take in some of the hottest guitar licks they had ever seen or heard. The reaction by the crowd and the endless number of questions directed at Arlen, proved that this man is indeed a master craftsman.

Arlen has played alongside Simon and Garfunkel (both as duo and as solo artists), Bob Dylan, Janis Ian, Rick Wakeman, Phoebe Snow, Huey Lewis and many others.

In the past ten years, he has recorded four solo albums — *Guitarist, Hot Pickups, Paint Job* and *Lonely Street:* written seven best selling guitar books, written regularly for *Guitar Player Magazine* and founded the *Hot Licks* Instruction Video Tapes, which feature Arlen and other top artists teaching guitar as well as bass, drums, keyboards, banjo,and so on.

Although Arlen has toured with numerous bands and artists throughout the world, he had never been to Australia before. During our interview session, Arlen expressed his excitement at being in Australia and said that he would be back next year with a 'Hot Licks Supergroup'.

"Australia is the sort of place where you can do gigs and the media and not feel cluttered. In America you get lost in the sauce and in cities like New York, it's tough getting work — it's the sort of place where people pay to play", he said.

"When you're in the States you realize how quickly things are consumed and then spat out", suggesting that he wouldn't mind making Australia a second home.

One of the more controversial points of Arlen's career, was when he did most of the music for the film *Crossroads.* The unbelievable thing was that, in the end, he didn't get the credit that he should have, which was instead given to Ry Cooder who only contributed to two scenes in the movie. Arlen was merely mentioned as the guitar tutor for the star of the film, Ralph Macchio, "Even though I wrote and played most of the music in it".

This is obviously a sore point for Arlen and throughout the clinic at The Bridge Hotel, he made little digs at Ry Cooder which were not in bitterness, but more "everybody thinks this guy is the greatest, but he's not".

It was interesting that Arlen managed to teach Ralph Macchio over four months, how to come across as a great young bluesman, "I got Ralph to the point where he was good enough to fake what I was doing. I wanted to make him a guitar player. Before the film, he'd never played a guitar and he didn't know a chord! I had a fresh palate, a clean canvas to work with. I thought you're going to play like me because that's what you'll hear and see in the film".

"I wanted Ralph to walk onto the set and be a guitarist. I had him come to all my concerts and he would watch me stand a certain way and he would watch how I would act when I wasn't playing".

One of the final scenes in the movie is a manic dual between Steve Vai (playing the part of Jack Butler) and Ralph Macchio, the winner being the best guitarist.

"The original music track for that dual was done with myself and Ry Cooder. That is some of the best slide guitar ever recorded — the unreleased dual from *Crossroads*".

Arlen would like to release that dual on vinyl, but obviously there are legal hassles surrounding this idea (a Coca-Cola subsidiary made *Crossroads*). Sometimes the wrong people get all the credit for the more glamorous things in life.

Getting back to Arlen's solo recording, he does a 50/50 combination of his own songs and classics, "that influenced me when I was growing up, like 'When A Man Loves A Woman', 'Slow Down' (originally done by Larry Williams and later by The Beatles) and Unchained Melody".

When A Man Loves A Woman, was a song Arlen took into the top 10 of the UK and European charts with his beautiful instrumental version back in the early '80s.

"I've always kept a good balance with my recording. The first album *Guitarist* was all instrumental, but after that, things changed. When I was touring with Phoebe Snow, she would never come to the sound checks, so I used to do the vocals and the rest of the band said I sounded pretty good! Right after that I did Hot Pickups and started singing some vocal tracks".

Arlen Roth on tour with Art Garfunkel.

You might wonder why someone as talented and experienced as Arlen has not made it into super stardom with a permanent band. This is mainly due to his commitments to other people as a session player and all the involvement with his company *Hot Licks.* Arlen doesn't read music for example, so you can imagine the time and effort involved in putting a guitar book or video together.

His bands in the past have also had some bad managerial and record deals. The present Arlen Roth band doesn't have these limitations, so watch out all you Clapton, Knopfler and Ray Vaughan fans!

There's an interesting story surrounding Arlen's introduction to music. At the age of eight he was playing violin, until his father, Al Roth (famous cartoonist for The New Yorker for the past forty years), encouraged him one day to switch to guitar.

"My father used to sit around and play flamingo and he said one day, why don't you play guitar, it's going to be the happening thing. I took a few classical lessons and then The Beatles came on the scene. That was it! I combed my hair down and took my guitar off to school. I fell in love with the thing and so the story goes".

Arlen has been using Fender Telecasters as his main guitar ever since those days, when everyone seemed to play Stratocasters, Les Pauls or Rickenbackers and has recently designed an Arlen Roth type Telecaster which will be put into production by a major US guitar manufacturer in the near future.

Maybe he will be playing an Arlen Roth guitar when he brings the proposed Hot Licks Supergroup (featuring John Entwistle, Tommy Aldridge, David Bryont and himself) to Australia.

"What we're gonna do is play bigger halls and have large video screens on the side so that people can see our styles close up and be able to ask questions about them in a clinic type of situation."

Arlen Roth, with actor Ralph Macchio, on the set of "Crossroads".

What do these people have in common?

The Hunters and Collector's brass section,
Andrew Pendlebury, Mark Ferrie,
a copy-writer from Saatchi's,
The Great Temptation,
a couple of Olympic Sideburns,
Wilbur Wilde,
an ex-ABC newsreader,
a filmclip maker,
an aspiring director, a public servant,
the MMTB, a pop star,
a Blue Ruin, a Mondo Rock,
a carpenter, a vegetarian...

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Best Male Performer
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Best Female Performer
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1988 JUKE READERS' POLL

WIN A $300 LP PACK!

OK all you connoisseurs of rhythm and rhyme, it's that time of the year again to show us mere mortals at Juke just who and what really has done the best job of blowing your socks off this year.

Whether it be Pseudo Echo or Suicidal Tendencies, Bros or Beethoven, we wanna know about it! Every vote counts, so get to it! Fill out the Readers' Poll on this page with your fave acts and elpees and to make things extra interesting (and because we know how greedy you are!) if you send in your Readers' Poll before Tuesday, December 6, your name will automatically go into our big competition barrel for a chance to win a huge album pack, worth over $300!! It's not that hard and it's more fun than watching Kamahl perform his greatest hits! You can enter as many times as you like, but only on this official entry form (no photocopies ya cheats!). Poll winners will be announced in the all-singing, all-dancing, whiz-bang Christmas issue.

Once you've filled in the form, post it off to:
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Name .....

Address .....

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..... **Poscode** .....

International

Best Band
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Best Live Act
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Best Male Performer
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Film Of The Year .....
Person Of The Year .....
Creep Of The Year .....
Comedian Of The Year .....
Event Of The Year .....
Worst Australian Act .....
Worst International Act .....
Worst International Album .....
Worst Australian Single .....
Worst International Single .....
Comeback Of The Year .....
Best Rock TV Show .....
Fad Of The Year .....
Trend For Next Year .....
Best Australian Tour Of The Year .....
Best International Tour Of The Year .....
Best Alternative Disc Jockey Of The Year .....
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Best Mainstream Disc Jockey Of The Year .....
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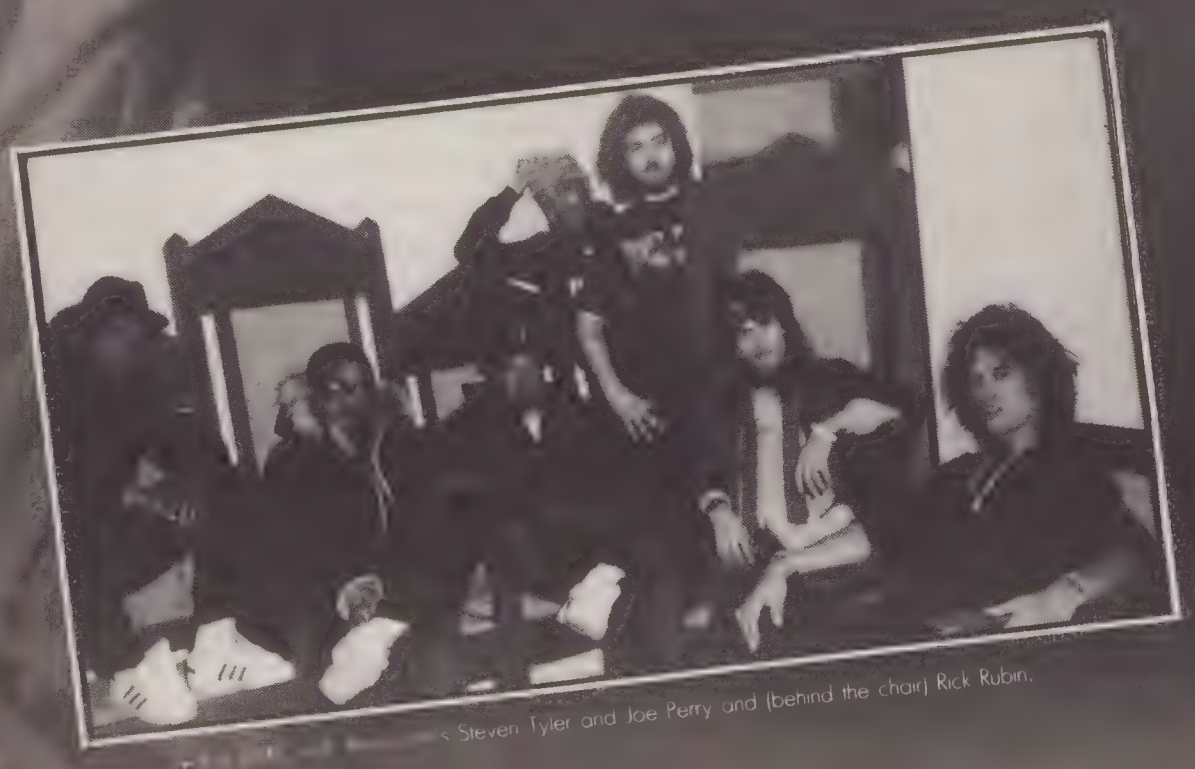
Best Rock Critic Of The Year .....
Best Dressed Rock Person Of The Year .....

HELL FOR LEATHER



< Steven Tyler and Joe Perry and (behind the chair) Rick Rubin.

STEPHEN WALKER traces the steps of the world's most famous rap act RUN DMC . . .

RUN DMC — THE ROOTS

The evolution and revolution of hip-hop/rap in the 80's is a phenomenon with precedent. Hard black beat music finds rock/pop success. Where did it come from? What is it? Even rappers themselves are confused. Various performers credit themselves or their neighbourhoods with rap's invention. As with all musical hybrids, rap's birth is a cultural melting pot and it's rapid development and absorption of other music forms obscures it's definition and source. At rap's core is the Beat. Brash, abrasive and all pervading. The Beat.

When rock'n'roll was born in the 50's, it was the result of white boys like Elvis absorbing black music, blues and rhythm and blues, and combining them with the country tradition. At the time, Elvis was branded a 'white nigger' by his critics. The rock'n'roll 'jungle beat' was denounced in the white pulpits and press. The explosive and potent blend of essentially black music traditions, with white teen appeal, was an apocalyptic moment in western culture. The musical language and vocabulary of black music had been stolen and cut off. One of the few black rock'n'roll stars, Chuck Berry, received initial radio acceptance because they thought he was white.

The rise of blues as a popular music form in America was also taken over by whites. The 60s blues invasion of bands like the Rolling Stones, Animals and Yardbirds scored the airplay and hits.

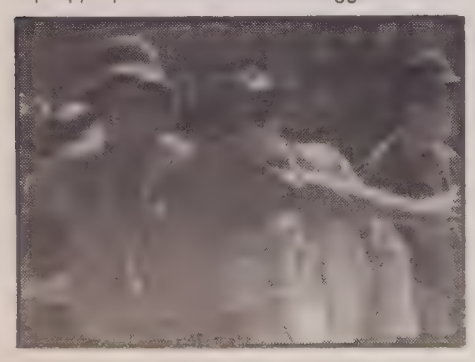
Soul and rhythm and blues with it's sophisticated arrangements and 'uptown' image became the drycleaned music tradition. Essentially melody-based, soul was smoothed and polished by production houses like Atlantic and Motown for Top-40 consumption. It appealed to whites and blacks who didn't want to be reminded of their slave heritage or African roots. It was urban music, created in studios, written and produced by record company staff with the beat softened. It was music not from, or for, the street. In the 70's soul's smooth rhythms and arrangements were flattened into disco. A continual deadening thump.

Jazz remained the essentially arcane and obscure black soul cultural tradition. The potential jazz-rock crossover was squashed by disco dominance. James Brown stood virtually alone as a purveyor of hard funk (rhythm dominant) music, surviving by almost continuous touring and enormous recorded output.

Where, then, the source of hiphop/rap? Certainly the roots can be traced back to Africa's tribal drum. Rap's reliance on beat and its declamatory 'storytelling' style of vocals place it firmly in the tribal tradition. Drums were banned from use by black slaves in America, hence the guitar based rhythms and handclaps of early blues and work songs. With rap/hip hop the Drum has returned to black music. The Beat.

The vocal style of rap is based on rhyme and word play. Like early rock'n'roll songs such as Blue Suede Shoes, Tutti Frutti etc. . , to the outsider the lyrics seem nonsensical and hard to decipher. The lyrics are chopped and delivered to match the staccatto rhythms in rap. The songs are shaped to the beat. The bragging nature of the words in rap are born of a struggle for supremacy and identity, the word pictures are newsreel observations of the environment. Lurv takes a backseat. The beats and 'music' of hip hop are borrowed from other records, it is not by and large created by musical instruments.

The most obvious contemporary source of rap hip/hop is in 60's Jamaican reggae. Jamaica in the 60's was an island ghetto of white dominated transplanted and impoverished blacks. Reggae music grew out of an inversion and bastardisation of rock'n'roll rhythms. Predominantly a studio created music, put together with rudimentary and primitive resources, reggae was the music of the Jamaican poor blacks. Reggae 'Street Parties' were based around the deejay who obtained discs from studios and producers like Joe Gibbs, Lee Perry etc. . . to play on the deejay sound systems. The deejay would set up in the street, park or venue and play records for the gathered audience. The rivalry between deejays was intense. They would rush to obtain the newest releases and began to proclaim their 'coolness', superiority, etc. . . between tracks over the speaker system. This led to the deejay talking or 'toasting' over tracks. The records became increasingly irrelevent to the event. Soon studios were producing instrumental 'dub' records specifically for the 'toaster' like U Roy, Big Youth, etc. . . became the real stars, recording their raps and becoming chart toppers.



Cut to 70's black America, New York and its suburbs. White dominated rock and disco reigned supreme. The music favoured by young urban blacks was the tougher rhythms of the soul scene. James Brown, The Temptations, Chi Lites, Al Green, etc. dominated the 'house' parties sound systems. In parks, houses and halls, 1000's of young urban blacks would gather to hear the deejay spin the records of their choice. Obscure rhythm and blues records were hunted down and played by the deejays on the scene.

Similar to the Jamaican scene, the deejay's personality and taste became the essential attraction of a successful 'house' party. To increase the excitement and hold the audience's attention, deejays invented techniques to rapidly change records, to only play the best and hottest bits of the Platters. To cut and scratch. The deejay would 'play' two turntables and mixing desk. Scratching was a new kind of percussion in which tone arms and turntables replaced sticks and skins. While the first turntable played a record with a beat, the deejay using headphones cues the record on the second turntable to a particular phrase, rhythm or musical moment. The DJ holds the disc at its edge and starts the turntable. He then moves the record under the needle to whatever rhythm fits the first. Cutting is a technique of segueing from one record to the next without missing a beat. A new music. A new technique. A new Beat.

Soon the DJ's began to make up their own lyrics or 'raps' to fit the rhythms they had created. Using street slang like 'def' (definitive), 'dissin' (disrespecting), etc. DJ's invented a new musical and lyrical language. The complexity of the technical skills required to become the best DJ meant that one person literally had their hands full. The phenomena of the rap team; 'the rapper' who supplied the words and rhymes, the DJ who scratched and cut with his hands became the bass guitar drums and vocals of rap hip/hop.

"No instruments needed, just 2 record players/A stage, a crowd and 2 rhyme sayers" (Run DMC).

In the late 70's JD Hollywood's lyric *"Hip hop the hibby, the hibbity hip hop hop, you don't stop"* gave the music a title, Hip Hop. Early pioneers like Grandmaster Flash, Lovebug Starski and Kurtis Blow became neighbourhood superstars of the rap scene. To young urban blacks, disco was an exciting and innovative antidote.

As Rick Rubin (producer and owner of Def Jam Records) said, "Hip Hop was dance music that was a reaction against boring disco. What differentiates our records from disco records is the kick drum. Rock goes boom ba cha boom boom ba cha. The pulse beat of disco goes boom boom boom. In other words rap is rock." It's also hard and harsh music. Rubin, a white rock fan, was attracted to this aspect of hip hop's drive. "If white kids liked hardcore I would never have gotten involved in rap."

Another white devotee of rap is Lou Reed. "Their lyrics are grown up doo wop with humour and social consciousness."

After initial resistance by radio and entrenched conservatives in the music industry, rap has broken out of the neighbourhood into international success. Surprisingly, black record executives were resistant to rap. "They're bourgeois blacks," says Russel Simmons, Run DMC manager "Rap reminds them of the street corner asnd they want to be as far away from that as they can get

After weathering the media manufactured rap/violence controversy *(which came first the chicken or the egg?)*, hip hop has developed a variety, interest and success that has carried it through the 80's.

The pinup-boy cool raps of LL Cool J, the white raps of the Beastie Boys, the bad boy gangster hip hop of Schoolly D, Ice T etc. . ., the sophisticated scratches of Eric B & Rakim, the black militancy of Public Enemy and the novelty bubble gum hip-hop of the Fat Boys, Salt'n'Pepa, etc. have all gained late 80's international fame and success.

First and foremost in rap's relatively short history however are Run DMC. The first rap gold and platinum albums, 2 movies, corporate sponsorship, enormous chart success and instigation of the rap/rock crossover, are all Run DMC's achievements. Now them being the first rap/hip hop act to tour Australia can be added to the trio's list.

RUN DMC — THE NEIGHBOURHOOD

The liberal interpretation of rap/hip hop is that it is the voice of the black oppressed; the impoverished rot infested inner city ghetto. Wrong.

Run DMC grew up in Hollis, a leafy suburban neighbourhood in Queens, New York. In the 60's when the trio grew up, Hollis was 70% white with carefully trimmed lawns and middle class blacks. Daniel Simmons (father of Run) is an educated schools administrator. In the 70's, unemployment (40% amongst young blacks), drugs and a changed racial balance altered the neighbourhood into a ghetto in the suburbs. Heroin, crack and crime created the 'corner' and the 'street'. For the members of Run DMC however, poverty did not exist and normalcy could be maintained.

"The worst thing that happened to me as a kid was the gym class would run out of time. No way was I brainwashed or hurt by being black . . . It's not like I never had money, I've always had money."

The three members of Run DMC all went through high school and enrolled in college before music led them in other directions.

RUN DMC — THE PEOPLE

Russell Simmons is the invisible fourth member of Run DMC. The 31 year old brother of Run (Joey) is the group's manager and mentor. A teen member of the Hollis gang

scene, Russell had his first contact with the rap scene in 1977. He formed RUSH promotions and staged early 'house' parties in the New York area. He discovered Kurtis Blow and produced the first rap single 'Christmas Rappin' in 1979. He thought of the name Run DMC, formed Def Jam Records in 1984, home to Run DMC, LL Cool J, The Beastie Boys, etc. He has co-produced Run DMC records and managed and directed (with only recent hiccoughs) the group and many other rap acts to undreamt of success.

Joseph Simmons is 24 years old, dubbed 'Run' because as a DJ he cut so fast. As a 14 year old he was billed as 'Kurtis Blow's disco son DJ Run' by his older brother. he maintained his high school attendance and DJ career, succeeding at both.

"I don't drink vodka/I keep a bag of cheeba inside my locker/Go to school every day/On the side make em pay/cause I'm rockin on the mike til the break of day" (Here We Go). He soon became a rapper (replaced by Davy D as Kurtis Blow's DJ) and is the driving force of Run DMC.

"I'm chief in charge of all ideas. D's no subject maker. He's like the guy who needs a frame before he can paint a picture. Once I come up with an idea D goes and writes."

Daryl McDaniels was dubbed 'D' by Joey. A big bespectacled catholic boy who met Run via a mutual interest in basketball and rap. His parents bought him a mixer and his basement studio became the duo's hangout where they developed the rap style of not just alternating verses but lines. Initially reluctant to rap in public, he was encouraged by Run to take the mike and wear his now trademark glasses. The group's rhyme writer, his raps depict a vicious tough guy persona to overcome his inherent shyness.

Jason Mizell the DJ dubbed Jam Master Jay by the group. Jay was the kid everyone liked. By 1980 he was the DJ running the biggest and best system in Hollis Park with equipment bought by his teacher parents. Responsible for the B-Boy fashion look adopted by Run DMC, Jay was always the trendsetter on the Hollis streets. Laceless Adidas (so the laces don't clash with the clothing), hat, track or leather suit, etc. were all Jay trademarks. Jay is not pictured on the record front covers because he's not contracted to the record company.

RUN DMC — THE RECORDS

1983: "It's Like That"/"Sucker MCs". The debut single features a sparse drum machine beat under a tag team style rap. The B-side was the first real B-Boy record. It features Jay's power scratching over an enormous beat. The record was the first on Profile, a small independent N.Y. company operated by two young white guys. The record peaked at number fifteen on *Billboard's* Black Singles Chart.

1983: "Hard Times"/"Jam Master Jay". The A-side was a swaggering rap over a party beat. As with the debut, the B-side was the more exciting track, Run & D rapping about their DJ while Jay scratches with incredible power and skill. The record peaked at number 11 on *Billboard's* Black Singles Chart.

1984: *Run DMC* LP. Opens with Jay slicing together the album's songs followed by the monumental hip hop Black Sabbath sound of "King Of Rock". "Roots Rap Reggae" featured guest reggae superstar Yellowman. With it's diversity and hard rock sound, the record enabled Run DMC to expand their audience to attract white rockers without offending their core audience of black teens.

1986: *Raisin' Hell* LP was the masterful and essential breakthrough rap needed. The album became raps first platinum record. It's highlights include "It's Tricky" (featuring "My Sharona" guitar and the beat from Toni Basil's "Mickey"), the ode to "My Adidas" (pre sponsorship), "Perfection" (recorded live in one take), "Hit And Run" fetured Run's human beat box mouth music, while "Proud To Be Black" was co-written by Run's father. Of course, "Walk This Way", recorded in five hours with Aerosmith's Tyler and Perry was the mammoth blockbuster.

1988: *Tougher Than Leather* LP. After a 2 year break due to the filming of *Tougher Than Leather*, a misguided legal wrangle, the latest LP is the inevitable disappointment. Produced by Run DMC and Davy D, "Mary Mary" monkeed with the "Walk" formula, while much of the record's rock rhythms are surprisingly predictable. "Run's House" was built around Run's long term live audience call and response. "I'm Not Going Out Like That", however, shows Run DMC's power is undiminished.

RUN DMC — THE MOVIES

Krush Groove 1985. "Nothing but Walt Disney," according to Run. The film featured Run DMC and Kurtis Blow as themselves, with LL Cool J, the Beastie Boys, the Fat Boys and Sheila E. Shot in Manhattan and the Bronx in 26 days at a cost of $3 million, the film is worthwhile for the curious rap fan, but that's all. Russell plays a club owner and father Daniel plays a preacher. Great soundtrack, though.

Tougher Than Leather 1988? Completed in1986 and still unreleased. D describes it as a "violent John Wayne flick". In true blaxploitation style it revolves around Run DMC as the avengers of their roadies' drug related killer.

RUN DMC — THE BOOK

Tougher Than Leather. B. Adler. Penguin $6.95.

An authorised biography and therefore, one can assume, a drycleaned version of the Run DMC story. The book emphasises Run DMC's concerned innocence in relation to concert violence and their efforts to combat it. The author is a group employee and has ready access to the group and its affiliates. A worthwhile fan biog, but hardly def.

RUN DMC — THE SHOW

D: "It's high energy, continuous rapping for an hour. Real scratching, real rappin' no sampling. We do all the hits, from the first album through to the new record. It's def, it's fast . . . it's us. Run DMC, the greatest rappers with the best rhymes and Jay scratchin'.

Pet shop boys: they just want to boogie...

exclusive PREVIEW

PET SHOP BOYS
Introspective (EMI)

Much has been decided about and against the Pet Shop Boys. It is said that they have sex with clockwork animals. That they are stunningly, unwittingly cold. And — crueller still — that they hit the pop jackpot with a borrowed hammer. Two little boys riding into camp on a cloud of hype and accident. Pop graffiti such as this is exhilarating. And with *Introspective* still ringing in my ears I am happy to confirm that — as songwriters — Tennant and Lowe offer little in terms of conventional exploration or informed, original poetry. For this reason alone they should be knighted.

While others — *considerably less talented* — blunder on, staggering towards revelation and the charts with a soldier's leaden tread, the Pet Shop Boys don't even try to disguise their bewilderment. having no idea of where they're going, they simply dance on the spot. On impulse and — HA! — on the pulse. Understanding instinctively that dance music should be felt and not heard with your feet on the ground and your head in the clouds. Don't speak out, freak out. YO!

Every track — including 'I'm Not Scared' nicked back off poor old Patsy — has been laced with delicious House emphasis. The *Introspective* version of 'Always On My Mind' is so good I had to drag myself screeming to the other tracks only to discover — perversely — that their version of 'Its Alright' — a fine House anthem — is the weakest spot on the album. 'I Want A Dog' is re-mixed by Frankie Knuckles, he of the sublime 'Let The Music (Use You)' *Illustrious company or wot? . . .*

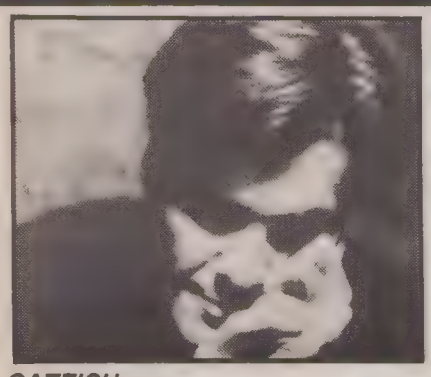
So, blockheads *Introspective* is not the work of two sneaky, slick fingered con artists, giggling behind their hands as their jagged purple nude is sold at Sothebys for a million.

Introspective is a glorious and sexy piece of magic. So delicately prepared that to sneeze might be to blow into orbit. The Pet Shop Boys have made us happy yet again.

Why on earth their instinctive and honest understanding of pop's cutest grooves was ever considered a crime is beyond me. Sure there's a recognisable 'formula' for sweaty, jealous, *skint* Indie types to point to in fake horror. The Pet Shop Boys have never pretended to be versatile. They just want to boogie, moving alonga groove as indispensable as your laugh lines; coaxing us out of our hideyholes with their charm and energy.

Buy *Introspective* and gain an insight into the mechanics of pure dance. The Pet Shop Boys are back, and their house is big enough for all of us . . .

BARBARA ELLEN



CATFISH
Unlimited Address
(WEA)

It's taken two weeks worth of listens to blow away expectations, penetrate the cool surface and slowly come 'round to a favorable view of the record. A week ago I mentioned at Juke that I was listening to this and that I thought that it was nothing special. I was strongly advised to explore *Unlimited Address* in more detail. I did, and my opinion was reversed.

This is a very subtle record. Many of the songs are propelled by a contrasting, heavy beat that sits right up in the front of the mix. It's not its prominence that offends me but rather the simple, clinical rigidity that tends to cage in, restrain and crowd some of the fine playing here. The muscle bound beat is my only gripe however.

The songwriting on *Unlimited Address* is not just good, it's *engaging*. These are the sort of songs that draw the listener toward them. The lyrics are full of interesting twists and clever word play, while the melodies are strong, finely tuned and skillfully created. "Hiwire Girl" and "Subway" display this melodic strength and make excellent introductions to the album.

Don Walker's voice takes a little getting used to. It's a cool, smoky, dry sound that did little for me initially. But like just about everything else here, it's power was revealed to me slowly. He can sing with a roar in his throat as in "My Backyard" or project, just above a whisper in "Pre-War Blues".

Inevitable comparisons to 'his old band' are superfluous to the enjoyment of this record. Indeed the common ground with Cold Chisel extends only to the high quality of the songwriting.

The record is difficult to compare to anything else as it contains a vast mix of styles bound together by a very strong personal and musical destination. This is echoed on a lyrical level, with more than half the songs mentioning places in other lands. Juxtaposed to this are images of life in Australia, or of an outsider, or traveller, experiencing a new world.

This is a superb album. Take your time and investigate its enigmas. You'll be richly rewarded.

STEPHEN ANDREW

OFRA HAZA
Shaday (WEA)

Yemenite religious disco LP can't be easy. And when that LP was a one off and all her other work is top pop disco, it must be very hard to know who to aim an Ofra Haza record at.

The people behind *Shaday* clearly don't know.

We have remixes of 'Im Nin' Alu' and 'Galbi', we have a couple of new Yemenite disco numbers, we have a couple of English slow numbers and we have *The Song of Songs* sung unaccompanied. To chic ears, the Yemenite moments win, if only because there a new music could be heard, where the tones of religious songs designed to be performed without instruments met the most instrumental and untheological music in the world. Ofra Haza's voice suited it perfectly. It flies over those songs, manoeuvring between phrases and swooping around the rhyme.

On the conventional Europop, she managed OK; you can hear a great voice just trundling about with not enough to do. The other thing about the Europop on *Shaday* is that the fools behind it clearly thought it was 1975 and you could make a disco album for a fiver. You go from this uniquely exhilarating music to this badly done disco and it sounds silly.

The meld only happens on the title track, a brooding homeland lament which is neither Yemenite nor Euro, but a strange and powerful hybrid. That apart, there's very little to entice either Haza's Israeli pop fans or the Brits who already have 'Im Nin' Alu' and 'Galbi' on Globestyle's superior 'Yemenite Songs'.

DAVID QUANTICK

THE GREG ALLMAN BAND
Just Before The Bullets Fly
(CBS)

Greg Allman has always preferred to be a workhorse rather than a thoroughbred, riding painstakingly into treacherous, swampy terrain where melodies are camouflaged 'neath mangrove-wild guitars. Such a work-ethic is brilliantly demonstrable on the iron-core hard *Just Before The Bullets Fly*.

Dressed-down and muscled-up, tunes such as 'Demons' and 'Before The Bullets Fly' are adrift in the southern-comfort devices of long, liquid guitar notes and lay-about, sweat-shirt keyboards. This is truly fusion-rock merging blues wailing with country lamenting.

The quality and depth is maintained on the reflective, decisively-percussed 'Slip Away', a Clarence Carter re-make and the pick of the crop, the turbulent narrative 'Thorn And A Wild Rose'. With vocals bordering Bob Seger's crusty terrain but mates that make up a more fractious drum-division, Greg Allman seems to be a natural to take over the American tough-rock tag, whilst the Pettys and the Segers argue on who can spin the cutest riff.

This promise is emphasised on the multi-purpose 'Can't Get Over You', with its honky-tonk rhythm, unruly guitar plucking and whipping beat generation, the bullets indeed fly in every direction but down. It proves that brotherless or not Greg Allman is part of the first family of rock.

— ROBERT VELLA

MACHINATIONS
Uptown
(White/Mushroom)

If *Uptown* was released as the work of some overseas studio band, rather than that of talent honed on the Aussie pub circuit, it would be heard in the hippest dance clubs of Darlinghurst and Carlton and Fred & Co would be dancefloor heroes in NYC and London, instead of grinding themselves into the beer-soaked carpets here, competing against 70's hard rock anachronisms like the Choirboys or Cold Chisel revival bands.

And no, I'm not one of those 20-year-old yuppies in designer-ripped jeans who hates rock and roll, and spends every minute listening to the 12" New York Acid House remix of the latest dance groove (interestingly, my Thesaurus says another word for 'groove' is 'rut'). But I do like and respect the Machos for sticking to what they believe in, even when playing dance music here was as in demand as an invitation to Ian Sinclair's birthday party.

Machinations are a world-class band of the late 80's and *Uptown* is the recorded proof of them starting to approach their full potential after eight years together.

They have their style and they do it very well.

Uptown was mostly recorded in the US with producer Andy Wallace, who the band imported to Oz last year. Those local sessions resulting in the Machos last two singles, the thumping 'Do To You' and the criminally ignored 'Intimacy'. Wallace's previous work includes Run DMC and a period with Prince. To call him well-credentialled should about cover it.

The success of these sessions and Wallace's growing reputation as a dance producer encouraged the band to head or New Jersey to complete the record.

The Machs have always been a great singles band — even back to their early days with songs like 'Average Inadequacy' and 'Pressure Sway'. Their albums, however, tended to be a little inconsistent. The last one, *Big Music* had the good songs ('No Say In It', 'My Heart's On Fire'), but an amount of

filler which meant the record didn't stand up well to repeated listenings. *Uptown* does stand up. Overall, the songs are stronger, and the tracks pulled as singles so far have been very very catchy.

And it's not all solid dance beat either. 'Three Ways' and 'Heartache' swing along without bashing you senseless, while 'Cars And Planes' (the next single) has to be considered a great pop song — no matter what genre you pigeonhole it in.

The closing track, 'Normal', is bent enough to be different, but listenable, while the title track motors along with nice (real, not synthesised) brass asnd a vaguely Motown feel. And you should already be aware of the shake-your-bootiness of tracks like 'Do To You' and 'Intimacy'.

Quibbles? Well . . . dance music, no matter how good, is not famous for the intellectual level of the lyrics, so the inclusion of a full sheet of the words is a little irrelevant. 'Cars And Planes' and Carpet At Daylight' express themselves well, but do we really need *"Hugh, C'mon, lets groove out!"* or *"Hey hey hey hey (repeat)"*?

But you can't argue with the big beat, and newish drummer John Mackay (this is his first album with the band) adds a bit of human variety to the previously slightly mechanical throb of the Machs. And Fred Loneragan (lead singer and appalling haircuts) seems to be singing more, rather than just shouting over the beat.

Overall, *Uptown* is very polished. OK, fellas, I'm impressed — and they can still cut it in live performances, which is more than can be said for some of their overseas peers.

Uptown is not the big payoff, but it is one step closer.

Do it, guys.

ROSS CLELLAND

LET'S ACTIVE
Every Dog Has His Day
(IRS)

For Mitch Easter's Lets Active, this is theirs. The faint promise of first album *Cypress*, which blossomed on the magical 1986 single "In Little Ways", is realised.

Not dogged (sorry) by the high seriousness of 10,000 Maniacs or R.E.M., the new improved four-piece Let's Active does wonderful things for a suffocating powerpop genre. That guitar didn't growl and shiver this way since Big Star were kids.

The title track sets it all up with an instantly memorable guitar squal, like a boxcar slamming into its engine's coupling. This is the best kind of heady powerpop exuberance'

"Back in town/knee deep tickertape
When we get back/everybody did a double take".

All through side one, they graft winning melodies on to sly catchphrases. "Experience has taught me more than I wanted to know," says the moody "Sweepstakes Winner". *"Better sit down for this piece of news"*, they admonish "Mr Fool". "Horizon", with its sweeping, shimmering guitar, is every bit lonesome and pretty enough to succeed "In Little Ways".

Maybe one reason why Mitch Easter can do all this with grace is his reported leanings, unconventional for a U.S. popster, toward English acts like Yes, Led Zep, and The Move.

One side two, for example, (Winding the Key of the) "Bad Machinery" growls along just like Roy Wood at his tormented best. This side covers a few extra musical bases. Throw in the slow, murky acid-country of "Night Train", the mock-reverent country reminiscences of "40 Years", and the jazzy catwalking of "Terminate".

Drinking deep from their North Carolina surrounds, Let's Active have caught every cadence and every catchphrase, and produced the best guitar rock for a good while. To Mitch Easter's half-serious *"Well I speak in tongues!"* you have to say sure, go ahead, if it works this well.

STEPHEN SAUNDERS

THE WET ONES
Crack Up
(PolyEster)

The advent of mini albums has done a great deal towards eliminating LPs containing a handful of good tracks mixed with equal parts boring filler. The Wet One's new mini-album needs a similar shot of editing. A single containing "I Saw A Boy (I Liked His Head)" backed with "Dream Of Love" and a forward mix of "Heavens Above" would constitute a very special piece of vinyl. The imagined 'A' side is cheeky, funny and well thought out. It's a song of many parts that sit together well, and contains some magic melodies. "Dreams Of Love" is another great pop song featuring the wonderful Wet Ones vocal sounds. "Heavens Above" is short, sweet and silly; an a capella song that has its moments when played in its original direction.

I wouldn't be surprised if the W.Os went in to record a single and found that after they'd finished they had a couple of hours of studio time to kill. The four songs I haven't mentioned sound like they were a result of a situation like this. Ignore all this rubbish and catch the "single": it's superb.

STEPHEN ANDREW

Labour of love

PAUL SIMON
Negotiations And Love Songs (WEA) Brother

This compilation from his 15 solo years shows that separated from the balding bog-brush they called Art Garfunkel at the dawn of the '70s, Paul Simon embarked on a painstaking course. With each delicate formed and lovingly detailed vignette he emerged as the acme of the sensitive, responsive literary FM rock performer. Certainly, there's a blossoming wit and an engaging worldweary deadpan humour percolating in 'Me And Julie', 'Kodachrome' and the throwaway '50 Ways To Leave Your Lover', but what these *'Negotiations And Love Songs'* are all about is finding a platform for decidedly adult and analytical concerns in the hitherto self referential teen preening world of pop rock.

This meant casting lyrical and musical frames of reference wider than before. Simon gave his concerns and observations a new stimulus and urgency by magnifying the musical flavourings that were previously peripheral. Hence the delicious, irresistible reggae pep to 'Mother And Child Reunion', the gospel devotional of 'Loves Me Like A Rock', 'Late In The Evening's' samba pate and, of course, the re-energising township jive that made 'Graceland' such a spectacular record.

Throughout the benign, droll and often disarming frankness of Simon's creamed, intimate tones with his all embracing worldview win through. This is due in no small part to his artistic hunger, unlike say Paul McCartney (a performer possessed of many similar talents) he seldom adopted the easy option and hasn't been afraid to open up to his listeners.

It's also because Simon, rock music's quintessential democratic visionary, never subjugates his chosen musical form to his own whims. His songs have scurried from playful early scenarious through laconic divorce break-up anguish to the resignation of 'Still Crazy' (heightened by the song's eerie string and woodwind arrangement) up to the more esoteric, oblique rhythm based recent work.

Criminal omissions — the towering Nixon-era are requiem 'American Tune' and the peerless funeral song 'Take Me To The Mardi Gras'. That aside, however, *Negotiations And Love Songs* is the best argument you're going to get for sensitive singer songwriting as an art form this, or any other, week.

GAVIN MARTIN

ANITA BAKER
Giving You The Best That I Got (WEA)

I never met the man but I know exactly what Otis Redding was like. He was a strong man, sensitive and given to moods he didn't fully understand. There was a wild streak that surfaced in his fury but was always tempered by his vast reservoirs of human kindness. I understand this from the man's music, the way his voice expressed and gave vent to these feelings, the same way that singers such as Nina Simone and Al Green can't help but expose their essence when they open their mouths.

After two days of living and breathing her new LP, I'm still uncertain as to who Anita Baker is or what she's about. Obviously, she has a priceless voice. That comes through on the LP's best track, 'Just Because' where she takes on the powerful backing chorus and cuts through effortlessly, soaring to the top with enviable fervour.

Her technique is understood, but her personality remains submerged, a mystery, skillfully clouded by the sophisticated instrumentation that has been bestowed on her. For many people, this has been soul's downfall. As a certain section of American blacks have gained access to economic power and security, so the music has responded in part, by reflecting this new luxurious standard.

Its gritty feel and pull has been dumped for the penthouse style, and the rise of singers such as Teddy Pendergrass, Alexander O'Neal and Luther Vandross comes as no surprise. The equal ascension of Rap and House in the '80s, the street music of this decade, can be read as the obvious reaction against this mobility.

When Baker came through with *Rapture* it was the tone of her voice, the clarity, and the power that swept through both ends. She is adored by crooner and rapper alike and this new LP will, if anything, heighten her standing.

This is *Rapture Part II,* meticulously produced, played and delivered, and bearing al the familiar Baker hallmarks — the soft intro, the swelling chorus lines and the undemanding melodies. Her jazz leanings, softly expressed in interviews and live performance, have not surfaced as such, giving way to what Nelson George has termed retro-nouveau soul: in other words, enough emotion to remind us of Aretha *et al,* but clothed in gentle, languorous music that allows us little insight into the character behind the voice.

These are, of course, different times we live in. The celebrity has to keep her distance, if only to fend off a twitching media or an audience that takes but rarely gives back. Witness, Sly Stone.

It's precisely that distance which Baker refuses to jump over that renders this LP perfect, a masterpiece even, but gives lie to the true and absolute meaning of its title.

PAOLO HEWITT

WIN! THE YEAR'S TOP RAP LPs

YO! B-People. We at *Juke* speak your language. Well we're trying. *Juke* in association with CBS and Polygram records, is giving away 10 Rap Packs, each containing three of the Deffest LPs of 1988.

There's Public Enemy's *'It Takes A Nation Of . . . '*, Salt N Pepa's *A Salt With A Deadly Pepa* and the Run DMC biggie *Tougher Than Leather*. WORD!

All you need do to be eligible to win a Rap Pack is answer the following question: "Which song did Run DMC record with Aerosmith?"

Write the answer along with your name and address on the back of an envelope and send it to:

RAP PACK COMPETITION
JUKE MAGAZINE
GPO Box 628E
Melbourne, Vic 3000

SINGLES

GUEST EDITED BY STEPHEN WALKER

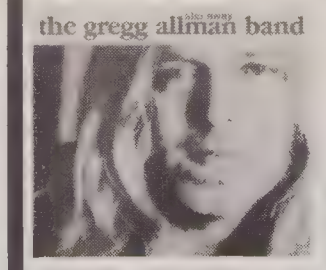
JOHNNY DIESEL AND THE INJECTORS
Don't Need Love (Festival)
Perth band, recorded in Memphis, produced by ZZ Top's Terry Manning. A very American sub Scorchers tc. . . blues/rock debut. John Dingo Dieselcamp.

BROKEN ENGLISH
Do You Really Want Me Back? (EMI)
Not really

BROS
I Quit (CBS)
This is so over-produced that it sounds like the Toy Boys were an afterthought. More Bros dross.

BIG HOUSE
That's That (EMI)
They expect people to take their hard earned cash out of their pockets, pay at the counter, run home and play this over and over? Are people that stupid? Of course not.

FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS
Powerful Stuff (WEA)
Texas bar band boogie from the movie soundtrack *Cocktail*, OK stuff. Let's hope they release the Georgia Satellite's killer 'Hippy Hippy Shake' as the next single.



GREG ALLMAN
Slip Away (CBS)
Like Michael McDonald, Greg is an American dag with a great white soul voice. A time warp appearance, drug and alcohol addiction, a Cher marriage, a Cher divorce and a drug-informer past have made Greg appear a bit of a buffoon. He probably is, but this slice of southern sweet soul is a brave comeback in the face of insurmountable obstacles.

DIED PRETTY
Out Of My Hands (Festival)
A more melodic and subdued DP style from their recent *Lost* LP. Ron Peno delivers a disciplined and haunting vocal over semi-psychedelic sounds. Ron is also pictured on the cover doing a single-handed Hard Days Night photo montage. For collectors, the non LP B-side features a remarkably faithful-to-the-original version of Neil Young's 'When You Dance'. This is good, but they can — and will do better.

WOMACK & WOMACK
Teardrops (Festival)
A finger poppin', feet boppin' catching slice of sweet summer woul. A family affair with a sly simple appeal and hip shakin' slink.

ANTHRAX
Make Me Laugh (Island)
Mosh it up! I expected abuse from the neighbours when I played this, but da boys are a little more restrained on this newie. B-side features a live track and a Pistols inspired 'Friggin' in the Riggin' that are more of the usual foot-and-mouth metal style we've come to know and crave.

SINITTA
I Don't Belive In Miracles (Liberation)
She's pictured on the cover in a bare midriff, boob revealing wedding veil and outfit. She's wearing white! Only her doctor and Stock Aitken and Waterman know for sure, I guess. I think this is the song Jason Donovan rejected.

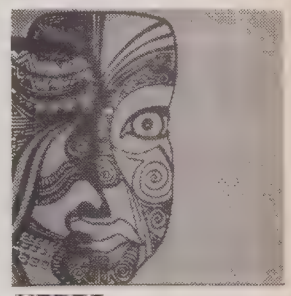
JOHN HIATT
Slow Turning (Festival)
In a twilight zone of critical acclaim and public indifference, John has persevered with this Costello/Parker style of thoughtful pub rock for years. This is another quality instalment of his quality recording catalogue. It's up to radio and the masses to wake up to this man before it's too late.

STING
They Dance Alone (Festival)
Why is such an important and powerful message *(human rights in South America)* couched in such a dreary sing-song style? We don't expect breast beating, but surely a little passion is not too much to ask Stingos.

GUESCH PATTI
Etienne (EMI)
Since Rainbow Warrior, anything French should in all conscience be ignored and avoided. This arty dance pic is little compensation for that crime and nuclear testing in our backyard. It merely adds insult to injury.

LITA FORD
Back To The Cave (RCA)
Good advice. Bad record.

THOMAS DOLBY
Hot Sauce (EMI)
Tommy's machines produce a tasty Tacos sauce for your turntable. A mock Mexicali sound. No doubt the video will exploit the food/sex metaphor to tasteless extremes.



HERBS
Sensitive To A Smile (Mushroom)
New Zealand sweet soul with a 'let's all be nice to each other' social message. Not liking this, is like not liking fluffy dogs or Christmas. Bah! Humbug! It stinks.

REVIEWS...REVIEWS...REVIEWS

VIDEOS...VIDEOS...

Year Of The Dragon

Staring: Mickey Rourke, John Lone, Ariane
Hoyts/PolyGram (Sell-thru)

Stanley White is the most decorated cop in the history of the New York Police Department. A Polish-American, who served valiantly as a marine in Vietnam, White is obsessed by the losses there.

His latest assignment is to crack down on the violent youth gangs in New York's Chinatown district. Descending into an exotic foreign world, deep within the city, White learns that Chinatown's youth gangs are just one arm of a violent criminal conspiracy commanded by men like Joey Tai, one of the most ruthless heroin dealers of the world. He plans to rule the Chinese Mafia, and comes face to face with Stanley White, who has no intention of losing this battle.

Year Of The Dragon is an explicit expose of the infamous Triad organisation which is currently making headlines in Australia for alleged involvement into heroin importation in Sydney and Melbourne.

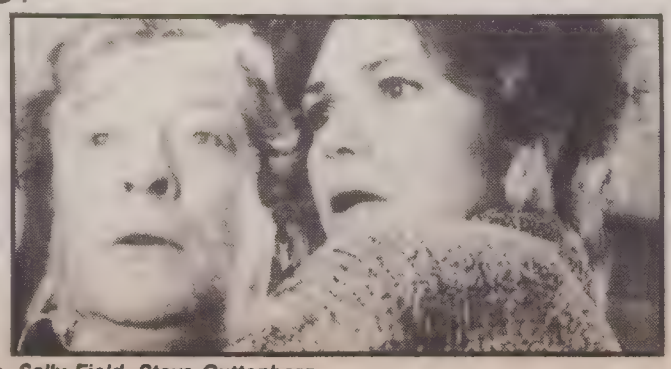
Once again Mickey Rourke displays the disarming cynical style which is now his trademark. There are strong reminders of the film *The Untouchables*, especially as both main characters are immune to corruption as they struggle to single handedly control crime.

There may be a few shortcomings which include the outcome being a little obvious, but still a worthwhile additon to the library.

— DEBRA NICHOLDS

• Stanley White (Mickey Rourke) and Tracey Tzu (Ariane) gunning-it on the floor, in a scene from "Year Of The Dragon".

Surrender



• Daisy Morgan (Sally Field) and Sean Stein (Michael Caine) look a little camera shy in a scene from "Surrender".

Starring: Michael Caine, Sally Field, Steve Guttenberg
(RCA-Columbia-Hoyts)

When a gang of armed robbers invade a society party, forcing everyone to strip in search for valuables, Daisy Morgan (Sally Field) finds herself roped face-to-face with best-selling thriller writer Sean Stein (Michael Caine).

• Sally Field who, despite a bad script, managed to still rake in a small fortune!

A romantic involvement is the last thing either has in mind as Daisy is very much ensconsed with a multi-millionaire troubleshooter executive, and Sean has had his womanising inclinations severely numbered in successive defleecings by a departing wife, a grasping mistress and a larcenous streetgirl.

Of course what follows is a series of so-called comical events between the seemingly mismatched couple in a slightly pathetic attempt at "yuppie' humour. The big surprise of *Surrender* is the decision of these accomplished actors to accept the project.

Michael Caine is definitely no newcomer to the screen, having been nominated for three Academy Awards in his career, and winning the first this year for *Hannah And Her Sisters*.

Steve Guttenberg who plays the narcissistic boyfriend has been making his mark on the big screen with his roles in *Short Circuit, Cocoon* and the highly successful *Police Academy* series. To the slightly older, Sally Field will be remembered for her role as the giggly teenager in *Gidget* and of course, the memorable *The Flying Nun*.

This one's for the car/home owners who are after a little light relief after a hard day at the stockmarket.

— DEBRA NICHOLDS

FILMS...FILMS...FI

"Caveman" star to play Jerry Lee Lewis

• The real Jerry Lee in 1982

Caveman* star Dennis Quaid is to star as rocker Jerry Lee Lewis in a new film based on his life called *Great Balls Of Fire

Quaid has spent the past few weeks in a Los Angeles recording studio studying the energetic performer's vocal style and will shortly begin recording his versions of Lewis' hits.

Before accepting the role, Quaid, who has also starred in *All Night Long* and *The Night The Lights Went Out In Georgia*, insisted that his contract stipulated that he do his own vocals.

Great Balls Of Fire is based on the book of the same name by Myra Lewis and traces the controversial life of the rock and roll stalwart.

★ ★ ★

Another Australian actor will try his hand at recording, following the international acclaim that's greeted the warblings of such small screen luminaries as Kylie Minogue and Jason Donovan.

John Waters, who was recently named best actor at the AFI awards for his role in *Boulevard Of Broken Dreams*, will record the theme song for his next movie, *Heaven Tonight*.

The film, again written and produced by Frank Howson, is the story of a rock and roll family and co-stars Rebecca Gilling and *Comedy Company* star Kim Gyngell.

Two versions of the movie's theme will be recorded. One will be a 60s version and the other, a contemporary 80s version.

Waters, who started out in the ABC's *Playschool* program, will record the 60s version, while *Neighbours* star Guy Pearce will record the updated version. Both will be released as singles.

Pearce, who plays Mike Young in the super-soap, has a supporting role in Heaven Tonight, which is already in production in Melbourne.

★ ★ ★

Splash* star Daryl Hannah is *being pursued by rock star Bruce Springsteen, despite claims he's besotted with his backing singer Patti Scialfa.

The talk of Hollywood is that Springsteen has so far turned down two leading movie roles because the producers weren't prepared to cast him opposite Hannah.

He's undestood to have told his agent that he'll only consider making his debut in a vehicle opposite Hannah, who played a mermaid in *Splash*.

Hannah has, for some time, been romantically linked with Jackson Browne. The couple breezed through Australia in May, 1986 when Browne was promoting his single, "You're A Friend Of Mine" (which ironically, he recorded with Bruce Springsteen's saxplayer Clarence Clemmons).

While in Sydney, Browne also visited his son Ryan, from his marriage to his second wife, Australian model Lynne Sweeney.

Browne's first wife Phyllis, committed suicide during the making of the singer's album, *The Pretender*.

★ ★ ★

Australian rock promoter Kevin Jacobsen, who recently toured Joan Armatrading and Joe Cocker, is making his first foray into local film production.

Jacobsen will spend $50 million, after setting up a film production unit. Already, he is developing more than half a dozen feature film scripts and has plans to make two television mini-series before the end of 1989.

The promoter plans to start production on the first film, as yet untitled, before Christmas.

Jacobsen's company tried its hand at television production for the first time with the live telecast of the Royal Bicentennial Command Performance, from Sydney in January this year.

He stresses that the move into film and television doesn't mean his activities in the rock industry will deminish.

He claims to have a host of big name rock acts lined up for tours in the new year, but quoting from the Rock Promoter's Handbook Of Evasiveness, he's refusing to name names.

— DULCIE JEAN

WORDS...ROCKWORDS...WORDS...ROC

I	T	H	O	E	H	V	M	N	K	G	I	U	U
N	O	E	B	A	G	Y	V	E	O	O	O	T	E
M	R	G	A	A	Y	E	R	E	C	N	E	P	S
A	Y	B	I	R	M	N	T	A	D	E	Y	K	U
H	L	X	R	D	D	E	R	K	P	V	D	Q	S
N	U	E	A	V	H	E	A	L	S	S	N	T	E
R	F	S	L	O	S	W	V	O	A	Q	A	E	U
A	I	N	A	E	F	S	I	O	M	P	R	R	J
F	Q	P	N	Y	P	U	S	V	G	P	E	E	D
P	N	R	N	Z	A	P	N	E	I	S	E	N	Y
U	A	I	P	X	I	W	A	Z	S	I	H	C	Z
B	L	I	E	P	E	V	E	R	N	A	L	E	A
I	Y	B	O	R	T	C	E	A	D	A	M	O	P
E	D	Z	F	A	Z	I	X	T	D	A	E	X	E

All you need to do is find and circle the words (they can run upwards, backwards, diagonally, etc.) and the first three correct entries received will win a six-month subscription to Juke. NB: Current subscription holders are ineligible.

1. Bruce Springsteen, Bob (surname?), U2 and Brian Wilson are featured on a new CBS album recorded as a tribute to Woody Guthrie and Leadbelly.

2. Next week, The Angels will release a new single called "Finger On The Trigger", which was written by the band's rhythm guitarist, Bob (surname?)

3 . Randy (surname?) has won the Best Male Vocalist at the prestigious Country Music Association Awards in Nashville.

4 . Def (second name?) have become the first ever act to sell seven million copies of two albums in America.

5. (Christian name?) Trent D'Arby is recording a double album at Hothouse Flowers' studio in Dublin.

6. Jimmy (surname?) is now a bona fide Australian after signing his citizenship papers last week.

7. Virgin are celebrating the arrival of expensive dresser, Bryan (surname?) with a limited edition version of the "Bete Noire" album.

8. (Christian name?) Crawford will be appearing at the Melbourne Hilton Hotel from November 28 to 30.

9. Wa Wa Nee's plans for 1989 nearly went seriously awry when drummer Chris (surname?) suffered severe lacerations to his arms and legs escaping a fire at his Sydney home recently.

10. John (surname?) will be appearing at the Launceston Velodrome on December 23rd.

Last week's answers:

Cullen
Daltry
Dilene
Floyd
Mick
Noiseworks
Phillips
Swayze
Terence
Trick

P	A	X	W	M	H	A	I	J	Z	K	I	U	U
O	H	K	Z	U	E	Y	A	U	A	C	E	G	M
K	Z	A	I	N	M	R	D	I	E	I	A	D	B
Z	I	T	W	E	A	T	S	T	F	M	A	H	G
K	H	R	Y	C	A	L	K	E	L	D	R	H	E
U	I	I	Z	N	B	A	R	C	O	U	P	I	U
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F	U	Q	O	E	Y	W	E	E	S	L	L	U	S
Y	I	F	C	T	T	A	S	I	Z	L	L	I	I
I	E	E	U	T	I	Y	I	P	I	U	I	O	Z
D	I	L	E	N	A	Z	O	B	L	C	P	J	I
X	I	G	E	M	E	E	N	M	K	E	S	A	Y
J	E	Y	F	M	R	E	G	I	T	Y	O	N	E

STEVE VAI:
on riffs and rifts

Here's the second part to BYRON SMITH'S exclusive interview with David Lee Roth's whiz-bang guitarist STEVE VAI. In this final part of the interview, Vai discusses the dissension between Lee Roth and Eddie Van Halen as well as offering his (anti) tips for young guitarists . . .

You spend what, two to three hours a day practising, and then you get up and play for a couple of hours — do you ever get to the point where you just want to throw your guitar away and say "I'm sick of it"?

"Never . . . *never*. The only time I ever get frustrated is when I don't have enough time to practice. I could live with my guitar for ever."

Well you can certainly make it talk now, there's no doubt about that!

(laughs) "Yeah, and every now and then it tells me off too!" (more laughs) "No when I *do* feel like I wanna do something else, I put the guitar down and I do something else, but I never feel like putting it away for ever. Sometimes the anxiety of having to keeep your chops up and whatever, gets to be a bummer, but as long as you keep your chops up, it's OK."

Joe Satriani and yourself are both in the country at the same time . . .

"Yeah, that's pretty wild!"

What exactly is your association with him? I heard that you used to swap ideas and so forth . . .

"Well Joe, besides being a very good friend of mine, was my first guitar teacher, we grew up in the same town and he's just three or four years older than me and when I started to come to notoriety, I was mentioning him, because he's my favourite guitar player. And I talked about what he does and the way he approaches the instrument and it helped him to get this product out and to become recognised, but ultimately it's his talent that's giving him a great rep. And musically I have great respect for him. He taught me and he was just my teacher, so to speak, and then as time went on it just got to the point where we were swapping ideas and we still do. We talk, as a matter of fact I got a call from him today and he's gonna be here at the hotel, 'cos he's gonna come to the show tonight, which is really exciting for me, and we're gonna get together and rap."

Any chance of a jam?

"Well no, not around here. Me and Joe do our best jamming alone in our room, by ourselves!"

You're really well known for your whammy-bar modifications and your strange guitar set-ups and you've even got little handle-grips in your axe. Did you initially do all these modifications and repairs and everything else?

"Yes."

Were you taught or did you just discover it as you went along?

"It was trial-and-error. You have to ruin a few pick-ups and ruin a few necks before you actually start getting it right and then you know what you're doing."

We had a review of the Steve Vai Ibanez guitar in a recent *Juke* and the guy who reviewed them reckons they're just fantastic.

"Yeah, not meaning to blow my own steam or anything, but all business aside, they are great guitars! It's just unfortunate that they're hard to get, because they're sold-out whenever they come in. But they're great guitars and they fit my needs perfectly and I'm coming out with a guitar next year, or maybe in a year or the year after that, which is gonna prove to be . . . well I don't wanna say *revolutionary*, but I think pretty stunning . . . that's all I can say about it now."

Your three-necked love-heart guitar must turn some heads!

"It certainly does!" (laughs)

That's more for show than anything else, I guess . . .

"Well it started out as an idea for a technical approach to the instrument, I wanted to be able to have three different necks going at the same time. And then once I put the heart-shaped body on it, it automatically became a showpiece. So it kinda doubles as both. It's very much a showpiece, but it's also a very serious instrument."

There's a lot of talk about the partying lifestyle of a rock and roll band, but I understand that David Lee Roth's a bit different in that he's really fitness conscious and he gets up early in the morning and stuff. What's the off-stage tour scenario for you?

"Well I go on certain binges, work binges, where I incesssantly have to work . . . whether it's writing music or whatever and when that happens, that's the only thing that occupies my mind. And then there is a time where I might go on a reading binge. Or I'll be working on my book, or a certain riff which I have to get . . . but every now and then it comes to the point where it's the party binge and being with the guys in the band is really a riot, 'cos they know how to blow-up-the-bridge, so to speak!" (laughs) "You know what I mean and we always have a wonderful little party after the show! And something always happens that makes that certain city, memorable. So I don't over indulge. I don't do drugs or anything like that. But every now and then we have parties and I like to participate. Actually I'm more of a guy who sits and watches everybody and just laughs. I'm anybody's best audience."

What would be the one tip you'd give young players Steve, if you had a chance to help out young Australian guitarists?

"Well it's hard to explain. I mean if there's anything that I need to tell them, then they may have to think about getting it together a little better! There's nothing that I should be able to say, that would be able to help them. They should already know it!"

So they should be exploring it themselves?

"Yeah. And also, if I was to give . . . (pause) well let me see, I get asked that question, but I really don't have anything to say, you have to find things out for yourself. And for me to tell somebody something really means nothing. Reading all the interviews in the world and taking all the advice from anybody won't do anything, you have to experience it for yourself. I mean, for instance, if I was to say 'well, practice real hard, just practice, practice all the time', *big deal!* Me saying it doesn't mean anything. They have to *do it* and experience it for themselves. I don't know whether that makes any sense!"

What's the most memorable rumour you've ever heard about yourself Steve?

"There was a rumour going around Berkley College of Musica that I was dead, that I had died in some strange way, I don't know."

Had you disappeared for some reason?

"Well I was on tour and it was something that I heard. It was like a flash that went through Boston for some reason, like a raid. And so I had all these people coming up to me and saying 'we heard you were dead!'"

What records have you been getting-off on lately? I mean do you get a chance to listen to music much when you're on the road?

"Oh yeah, well it's another binge that I go into. I won't listen to something for weeks, and then I'll just start getting off into the weirder style of music or whatever. I just bought another version of the Paganini Caprices, which I've been listening to and Frank Zappa just released an album that's a part of an 11-hour CD collection, it's like a sampler CD. He's releasing 11 hours worth of music on CD and he released a sampler album — featuring the highlights, so I've been listening to that. But every now and then I get off into the polished, modern digital sound of like Madonna's *True Blue* or *Control* and then, of course, you can only digest a certain amount of that before all the digital qualities of it start driving you crazy and you've gotta go back and listen to Guns 'n' Roses or Poison or something!"

We all know about the rivalry between David Lee Roth and Van Halen. Is there any rivalry between you and Eddie? Were you ever friends with him at any stage?

"Well I had met Edward once! Brought him up to Frank Zappa's house and we had a little jam session — that was really nice. That was a long, long time ago and I haven't really seen him since then and I have great respect for the guy. I think he's the world's greatest rock guitar player. I mean he's shaped . . . he's done a lot for music. What happened between him and Dave really isn't my business, or my concern. I like both the guys a lot."

Are you planning on making any more solo albums?

"Oh I'm sure, sometime. Sometime in the future. Right now I'm very happy being with Dave and we complement each other really well. I enjoy him very much and I think that he's an incredible entertainer and I still get a kick out of watching him, even when we're on stage and he's doing his thing. So I'm happy with Dave right now."

David said when he was forming the solo band, that he wanted it to be *the best rock band ever formed on this earth.* Is that what he got?

"Well without coming off sounding egotistical or *holier than thou*, I feel that the musicians in this band are absolute, top quality musicians, and I would never be so bold as to say it's the best rock band in existence, that's for the people to decide and the music has to do the talking there, but *personally* I feel this is the strongest rock band I've evey played in- . . . musically and personally and . . . (pause) well, I'll leave it at that." (laughs).

You're very happy?

"Yeah. I think it's a *great* band!"

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Printed and published by Leonard J Shaw 39 Granya Grove, Mt Eliza 3930 Printed at Quadricolor Industries Pty Ltd Proprietor: Syme Magazines, a division of Syme Media Pty Ltd, 250 Spencer Street Melbourne 3000 Distributed in Victoria by Magridss Pty Ltd , 250 Spencer Street, Melbourne 3000 in S.A , by John Fairfax & Sons Limited, in Tasmania by The Mercury, 93 McQuarie Street, Hobart 7000, in N S W , Queensland and W.A. and New Zealand by Newsagent Direct Distribution, 150 Bourke Rd Alexandria 2015

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OZ CHARTS

SINGLES

1	1	**DESIRE, U2**	**Festival**
2	7	**DON'T WORRY BE HAPPY, Bobby McFerren**	**EMI**
3	2	**GROOVY KIND OF LOVE, Phil Collins**	**WEA**
4	—	**NOTHING CAN DIVIDE US, Jason Donovan**	**Festival**
5	4	**THE ONLY WAY IS UP, Yazz And The Population**	**CBS**
6	12	WILD WILD WEST, Escape Club	WEA
7	5	BAD MEDICINE, Bon Jovi	PolyGram
8	8	PUSH IT, Salt 'n' Pepa	PolyGram
9	9	ALL FIRED UP, Pat Benatar	Festival
10	6	TWO STRONG HEARTS, John Farnham	BMG/RCA
11	—	I QUIT, Bros	CBS
12	3	SIMPLY IRRESISTABLE, Robert Palmer	EMI
13	10	THAT'S WHEN I THINK OF YOU, 1927	WEA
14	14	AS THE DAYS GO BY, Daryl Braithwaite	CBS
15	11	STOP YOUR FUSSIN'; Toni Childs	Festival
16	22	I WANT YOUR LOVE, Transvision Vamp	WEA
17	16	NEVER TEAR US APART/MOVE ON, INXS	WEA
18	13	MAKE ME LOSE CONTROL, Eric Carmen	BMG/RCA
19	15	OH YEAH, Yello	PolyGram
20	18	SWEET CHILD 'O' MINE, Guns 'n' Roses	WEA
21	—	SHE WANTS TO DANCE WITH ME, Rick Astley	BMG/RCA
22	—	KISS AND TELL, Chantoozies	Festival
23	24	TOUGHER THAN THE REST, Bruce Springsteen	CBS
24	21	THEME FROM S-EXPRESS, S-Express	BMG/RCA
25	17	DOCTORIN' THE TARDIS, Timelords	BMG/RCA

ALBUMS

1	—	**RATTLE AND HUM, U2**	**Festival**
2	—	**MONEY FOR NOTHING, Dire Straits**	**PolyGram**
3	1	**KICK, INXS**	**WEA**
4	3	**NEW JERSEY, Bon Jovi**	**PolyGram**
5	4	**AGE OF REASON, John Farnham**	**BMG/RCA**
6	2	'88 THE WINNERS, Various	WEA
7	7	APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION, Guns 'n' Roses	WEA
8	5	TEMPLE OF LOW MEN, Crowded House	EMI
9	8	TRACY CHAPMAN, Tracy Chapman	WEA
10	6	1988 WHAT'S HOT, Various	EMI
11	—	SURFING WITH THE ALIEN, Joe Satriani	CBS
12	10	UNION, Toni Childs	Festival
13	12	THE CREAM OF ERIC CLAPTON, Eric Clapton	PolyGram
14	13	KYLIE, Kylie Minogue	Mushroom/Fest
15	15	OPEN UP AND SAY AHH, Poison	Liberation/CBS
16	9	HEAVY HOVA, Robert Palmer	EMI
17	11	HOLD ON TO ME, Black Sorrows	CBS
18	16	CHANTOOZIES, Chantoozies	Mushroom/Fest
19	18	DON'T BE AFRAID OF THE DARK, Robert Cray Band	PolyGram
20	14	PUSH, Bros	CBS
21	—	FINGERTIPS, Cockroaches	Festival
22	22	LAP OF LUXURY, Cheap Trick	CBS
23	17	CLUB MIX '88, Various	CBS
24	21	TALES OF THE CITY, Rockmelons	Truetone/EMI
25	19	WIDE AWAKE IN DREAMLAND, Pat Benatar	Festival

ALTERNATIVELY

SINGLES

1	**DEANNA, Nick Cave**	**Mute**
2	**KNOW YOU NOW, Some Loves**	**White**
3	**STREETS OF YOUR TOWN, Go Betweens**	**Mushroom**
4	**MERCY SEAT, Nick Cave**	**Mute**
5	**MOMENTS AWAY, Ups And Downs**	**Mushroom**
6	OWN LITTLE WORLD, Porcelain Bus	Citadel
7	BIRTHDAY, Sugarcubes	Liberation
8	APATHY, T.I.S.M.	Elvis/Musicland
9	INTO THE BEYOND, Grownups	Grownup
10	DON'T BREAK, White Cross	Mighty Boy
11	SAFE SEX, Painters & Dockers	Doc White
12	GOOD TO BE GONE, Wreckery	Citadel
13	NO, No	Au Go Go
14	GIRLS GONE BAD, Bad Arts	Polyester
15	EVERYTHING, Shrinking Violets	Phantom
16	HINDSIGHT, Hummingbirds	Waterfront
17	WAITIN' FOR THE GREAT LEAP, Billy Bragg	Go Discs
18	SURFIN' USA, JAMC	WEA
19	SOUL CATCHER, Headless Chickens	F. Nun
20	OUT OF MY HANDS, Died Pretty	Blue Mosque
21	HEADIN' SOUTH, New Christs	Citadel
22	WALKING ABOUT, Venom P. Stinger	Aberrant
23	I THINK I LOVE YOU, Ratcat	Waterfront
24	FEAR, Exploding White Mice	Greasy
25	LIVE AND OTHERWISE, Hollowmen	Au Go Go

ALBUMS

1	**TENDER PREY, Nick Cave**	**Mute**
2	**HIT ME WITH, Kim Salmon & Surrealists**	**Black Eye**
3	**GREAT TRUCKING SONGS, T.I.S.M.**	**Elvis/Musicland**
4	**BARBED WIRE KISSES, J.A.M.C.**	**WEA**
5	**16 LOVERS LAND, Go Betweens**	**Mushroom**
6	LIFE'S TOO GOOD, Sugarcubes	Liberation
7	TALKING TO GOD, Porcelain Bus	Citadel
8	EPONYMOUS, REM	IRS
9	RED DEVIL, Panther Burns	Citadel
10	RAMONESMANIA, Ramones	WEA
11	HOLD ON TO ME, Black Sorrows	CBS
12	SIGN OF THE CITY, Humdingers	Waterfront
13	OUT, Happy Hate Me Nots	Waterfront
14	THAW, Foetus Interruptus	Womb
15	LAYING DOWN THE LAW, Wreckery	Citadel
16	ELECTRIC WOOLLY MAMMOTHS, Thug	Black Eye
17	TALK IS CHEAP, Keith Richard	Virgin
18	BLUE BELL KNOLL, Cocteau Twins	Virtin
19	KISS MY ART, Painters & Dockers	Doc White
20	SURFIN' WITH THE ALIEN, Joe Satriani	CBS
21	CRACK UP, Wet Ones	Polyester
22	YOUNGBLOOD, Various	Roo Art
23	BRUTE FORCE & IGNORANCE, Exploding White Mice	Greasy
24	TROUBLE FROM PROVIDENCE, Sacred Cowboys	Citadel
25	GROWN UP WRONG, The Johnnys	Mushroom

● *Compiled with assistance from Au Go Go, Da Da, Red Eye and Umberella Records.*

Metal

1 **AND JUSTICE FOR ALL, Metallica** (PolyGram)
2 **KEEPER OF THE SEVEN KEYS PART 2, Helloween** (Noise)
3 **LEPROSY, Death** (Under One Flag)
4 **APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION, Guns 'n' Roses** (WEA)
5 **ANOTHER RETURN, Artch** (Active)
6 **NOBODY'S PERFECT, Deep Purple** (PolyGram)
7 **NEW JERSEY, Bon Jovi** (PolyGram)
8 **HITTMAN, Hittman** (Megaforce)
9 **BLOOD FIRE DEATH, Bathory** (Under One Flag)
10 **MIND WARS, Holy Terror** (Under One Flag)

● *Courtesy Metal For Melbourne Records, Melbourne*

Clubland

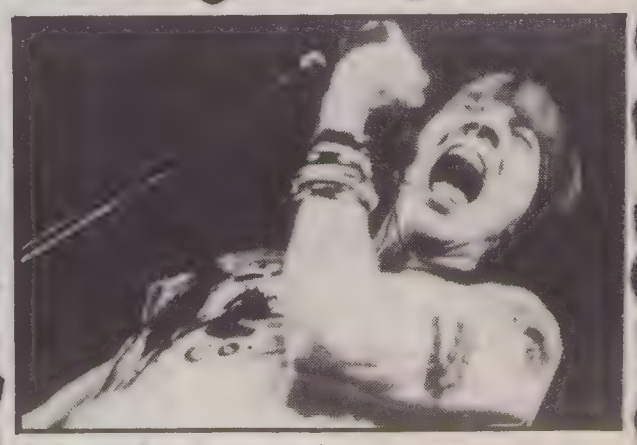
1 **LICK IT, Karen Finley**
2 **STAND UP FOR YOUR LOVE RIGHTS, Yazz**
3 **HELYOM HALIB, Capella**
4 **VOICE OF THE NIGHT, Moltocarina**
5 **MAMA TOLD ME (Remix), Fantastique**
6 **THESE THINGS HAPPEN, Viola Wills**
7 **MOVE YOUR ACID, Various Artists**
8 **TWIST 'N' SHOUT, Salt 'n' Pepa**
9 **BIG FUN, Inner City**
10 **GROOVE ME (Remix), Fern Kinney**

● *Courtesy Central Station Records, Melbourne*

Videos

1 **DIRTY DANCING** (Vestron)
2 **THE UNTOUCHABLES** (CIC-Taft)
3 **E.T.** (CIC-Taft)
4 **PREDATOR** (CBS-Fox)
5 **NUTS** (Warner)
6 **LA BAMBA** (RCA-Columbia)
7 **HELLO AGAIN** (Touchstone)
8 **COP** (Filmpac)
9 **PLANES, TRAINS, AUTOMOBILES** (CIF-Taft)
10 **FATAL BEAUTY** (CEL)

● *Courtesy Movieland*



● Guns 'n Roses are [illegible]

CHARTS

USA

SINGLES

1	1	**GROOVY KIND OF LOVE, Phil Collins**		**Atlantic**
2	6	**KOKOMO, The Beach Boys**		**Elektra**
3	5	**WILD WILD WEST, The Escape Club**		**Atlantic**
4	2	**RED RED WINE, UB40**		**A&M**
5	3	**WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, Information Society**		**Reprise**
	6	7	DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT THE NIGHT CAN DO? Steve Winwood	
7	10		THE LOCO-MOTION, Kylie Minogue	Geffen
8	11		NEVER TEAR US APART, INXS	Atlantic
9	12		ONE MOMENT IN TIME, Whitney Houston	Arista
10	15		BAD MEDICINE, Bon Jovi	PolyGram
11	8		DON'T BE CRUEL, Bobby Brown	MCA
12	16		CHAINS OF LOVE, Erasure	Reprise
13	4		LOVE BITES, Def Leppard	Mercury
14	18		DESIRE, U2	Atlantic
15	13		FOREVER YOUNG, Rod Stewart	Warner
16	20		ANOTHER LOVER, Giant Steps	A&M
17	22		HOW CAN I FALL? Breathe	A&M
18	14		TRUE LOVE, Glenn Frey	MCA
19	9		DON'T BE CRUEL, Cheap Trick	Epic
20	23		DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU GOT, Cinderella	PolyGram
21	—		BABY, I LOVE YOUR WAY/FREEBIRD MEDLEY, Will To Power	Epic
22	—		KISSING A FOOL, George Michael	Columbia
23	—		LOOK AWAY, Chicago	Reprise
24	17		DON'T WORRY, BE HAPPY, Bobby McFerrin	EMI
25	—		A WORD IN SPANISH, Elton John	MCA

ALBUMS

1	1	**NEW JERSEY, Bon Jovi**	**Mercury**
2	2	**APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION, Guns 'n' Roses**	**Geffen**
3	4	**COCKTAIL, Soundtrack**	**Elektra**
4	3	**HYSTERIA, Def Leppard**	**Mercury**
5	5	**SIMPLE PLEASURES, Bobby McFerrin**	**EMI**
6	8	DON'T BE CRUEL, Bobby Brown	MCA
7	6	TRACY CHAPMAN, Tracy Chapman	Elektra
8	7	...AND JUSTICE FOR ALL, Metallica	Elektra
9	11	FAITH, George Michael	Columbia
10	13	LONG COLD WINTER, Cinderella	PolyGram
11	10	KICK, INXS	Atlantic
12	14	HEART BREAK, New Edition	MCA
13	9	ROLL WITH IT, Steve Winwood	Virgin
14	—	RATTLE AND HUM, U2	Island
15	15	LABOUR OF LOVE, UB40	A&M
16	12	HE'S THE DJ, I'M THE RAPPER, DJ Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince	RCA
17	16	OU812, Van Halen	Warner Bros
18	17	OPEN UP AND SAY . . .AHH, Poison	Capitol
19	—	NO REST FOR THE WICKED, Ozzy Osbourne	CBS
20	19	UP YOUR ALLEY, Joan Jett & The Blackhearts	CBS
21	23	TELL IT TO MY HEART, Taylor Dane	Arista
22	21	OUT OF ORDER, Rod Stewart	Warner Bros
23	20	LAP OF LUXURY, Cheap Trick	Epic
24	18	HEAVY NOVA, Robert Palmer	EMI
25	—	SILHOUETTE, Kenny G	Arista

UK

SINGLES

1	6	**WE CALL IT ACIEED, D Mob**	**London**
2	10	**ORINOCO FLOW, Enya**	**WEA**
3	1	**ONE MOMENT IN TIME, Whitney Housten**	**Arista**
4	9	**HARVEST FOR THE WORLD, The Christians**	**Island**
5	19	**JE NA SAIS PAS POURQUOI, Kylie Minogue**	**PWL**
6	2	DON'T WORRY BE HAPPY, Bobby McFerrin	EMI/Manhattan
7	4	A LITTLE RESPECT, Erasure	Mute
8	12	NEVER TRUST A STRANGER, Kim Wilde	MCA
9	3	WEE RULE, Wee Papa Girl Rappers	Jive
10	—	GIRL YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE, Milli Vanili	Cooltempo
11	8	BURN IT UP, Beatmasters featuring PP Arnold	Rhythm King
12	7	SHE WANTS TO DANCE WITH ME, Rick Astley	RCA
13	—	CAN YOU PARTY, Royal House	Champion
14	14	TEARDROPS, Womack & Womack	4th & Broadway
15	25	REAL GONE KID, Deacon Blue	CBS
16	11	HE AIN'T HEAVY HE'S MY BROTHER, The Hollies	EMI
17	—	STAND UP FOR YOUR LOVE RIGHTS, Yazz & The Plastic Population	Big Life
18	5	DESIRE, U2	Island
19	—	I'LL HOUSE YOU, Richie Rich Meets Jungle Brothers	Gee Street
20	13	A GROOVY KIND OF LOVE, Phil Collins	Virgin
21	—	SHE MAKES MY DAY, Robert Palmer	EMI
22	—	TWIST IN MY SOBRIETY, Tanita Tikaram	WEA
23	17	SECRET GARDEN, T'Pau	Siren
24	15	BIG FUN, Inner City featuring Kevin Saunderson	10
25	—	ACID MAN, Jolly Roger	10

ALBUMS

1	—	**RATTLE AND HUM, U2**	**Island**
2	—	**MONEY FOR NOTHING, Dire Straits**	**Vertigo**
3	3	**INTROSPECTIVE, Pet Shop Boys**	**Parlophone**
4	15	**GREATEST HITS, Bananarama**	**London**
5	—	**NEW LIGHT THROUGH OLD WINDOWS, Chris Rea**	**WEA**
6	6	KYLIE, Kylie Minogue	PWL
7	—	ANY LOVE, Luther Vandross	Epic
8	7	TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, The Pasadenas	CBS
9	8	MOONLIGHTING, Various	WEA
10	20	WATERMARK, Enya	WEA
11	2	REVOLUTIONS, Jean Michael Jarre	Polydor
12	4	FLYING COLOURS, Chris De Burgh	A&M
13	—	GIVING YOU THE BEST THAT I GOT, Anita Baker	Elektra
14	9	CONSCIENCE, Womack & Womack	4th & Broadway
15	13	RAP TRAX! Various	Stylus
16	10	ONES ON 1, Various	BBC
17	—	BIG THING, Duran Duran	EMI
18	5	BIG JERSEY, Bon Jovi	Vertigo
19	—	FISHERMAN'S BLUES, The Waterboys	Chrysalis
20	12	STARING AT THE SUN, Level 42	Polydor
21	14	TRACY CHAPMAN, Tracy Chapman	Elektra
22	—	INTO THE DRAGON, Bomb The Bass	Rhythm King
23	16	DIRTY DANCING, Soundtrack	RCA
24	—	ANCIENT HEART, Tanita Tikaram	WEA
25	11	POP ART, Transvision Vamp	MCA

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★ DON'T WALK AWAY — TONI CHILDS
★ WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN — JIMMY BARNES
★ DON'T NEED LOVE — JOHNNY DIESEL
★ TOUCH — NOISEWORKS
★ BRING ME SOME WATER — MELISSA ETHERIDGE

OUT THIS WEEK

Vinyl

Singles

PAT BENATAR
Don't Walk Away
HERB ALPERT
I Need You
JOHN HIATT
Slow Turning (7 & 12)
GIANT STEPS
Don't Need Another Lover
DON McLEAN
Maybe Baby
DIED PRETTY
Out Of My Hands
JIMMY BARNES
When A Man Loves A Woman (7 & 12)

ANTHRAX
Make Me Laugh (12)
STEPHEN DANTE
I'm Too Scared (7 & 12)
ADELE BERTIE
Little Lies Big Love
JOAN ARMATRADING
Stronger Love
STING
They Dance Alone (Ltd. Edition, Tour)
THE HERBS
Sensitive To A Smile
NORMA MURPHY
Where Do All The Years Go

JIMMY BUFFET
Bring Back The Magic
PRINCE
I Wish You Heaven (7 & 12)
THE TRAVELLING WILBURYS
Handle With Care
LADYSMITH BLACK MAMBAZO
Amazing Grace
GUNS 'N' ROSES
Welcome To The Jungle
SCRAP METAL
Broken Down Man
FLYING EMUS
I Just Wanna Dance With You

Albums

DAVID KNOPFLER
Lips Against The Steel
BULL DURHAM
Original Soundtrack
DAN SEALS
Rage On
TANYA TUCKER
Strong Enough To Bend
JOHN HIATT
Slow Turning

1927
Ish
DENNIS DE YOUNG
Boomchild
MOON OVER PARADOR
Original Soundtrack
TRAVELLING WILBURYS
Volume 1
ANITA BAKER
Giving You The Best I Got

ALEX DE GRASSI
Turning Back
MICHAEL HEDGES
Breakfast In The Field
NATALIE COLE
Collection
SCRAP METAL
Broken Down Man
SUPERTRAMP
Live 88

● Died Pretty: All hands on their new 45

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NONI HAZELHURST
Shout And Whisper
SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
Peep Show
MICHELLE SHOCKED
Short, Sharp, Shocked

DAVID KNOPFLER
Lips Against The Steel
VARIOUS
Trax Australian Made Vol 2
JOHN HIATT
Slow Turning

U2
Rattle & Hum
KINGS OF THE SUN
Kings Of The Sun
MELISSA ETHERIDGE
Melissa Etheridge

Video

BAKERSFIELD
(Drag racing, G, Virgin)
BARRY LYNDON
(Drama, PG, Warner)
CASSANDRA
(Thriller, M, Virgin)
COBRA
(Action, R, Warner)
CYCLONE
(Action, M, Virgin)
THE DEVIL'S BRIGADE
(War Drama, PG, Warner)
THE ESCAPE ARTIST
(Drama, PG, Warner)

E.T.
(Fantasy, G. CIC-Taft)
FROM HELL TO VICTORY
(War drama, M, Warner)
GALAXY OF TERROR
(Horror, M, Warner)
THE ILLUSTRATED MAN
(Drama, Warner)
INDEPENDENCE DAY
(Drama, M, Warner)
IT'S ALIVE III
(Horror, R, Warner)
LONE WOLF
(Sci-fi thriller, M, Virgin)

MOVING
(Comedy, M, Warner)
PLANET EARTH
(Sci-fi, PG, Warner)
POLICE ACADAMY 5
(Comedy, PG, Warner)
RED DAWN
(Action, M, Warner)
RITA, SUE AND BOB TOO
(Comedy, M, Virgin)
SAVAGE HARVEST
(Thriller, M, Warner)

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Live ON STAGE

BROS/ WA WA NEE

Venue: National Tennis Centre, Melbourne

AAAAAEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAA!!!!!!!!!!!!!! It's not even Bros. Paul Gray from Wa Wa Nee has discarded his shirt, and if you believe that young girls' infatuations with pop people are chiefly fuelled by the beauty of what sits on boys' shoulders, then you should be here to have such notions obliterated by the enthusiasm these thousands are displaying for male pelvic regions.

We arrive late, Buzz and I, to see the Wa Wa's climax, as it were, with their hits, so I can't report on the forthcoming L.P. I can say, however, that despite a worldwide promotional tour "Rambo" Gray is persisting with the dodgy J.B/Prince manoeuvres. Shame.

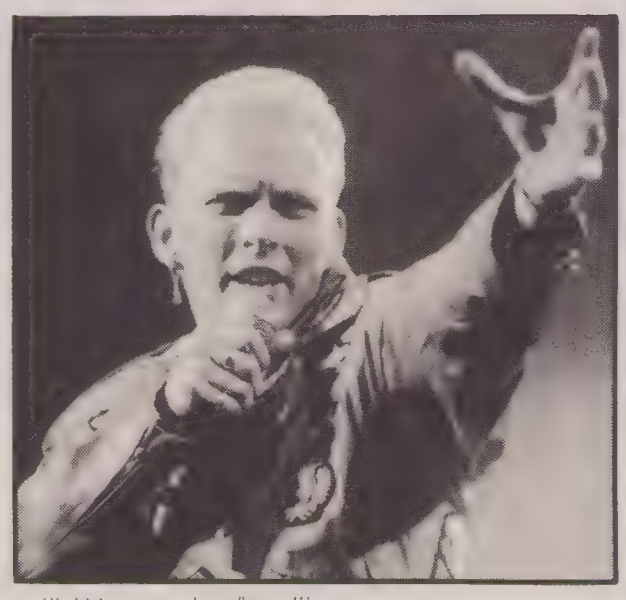
Out in the foyer, an attendant at a binocular stand is recovering from a terrifying stampede of Brosettes who besieged her "Punch 'N' Judy stand" type dispensary, clawing for bi-focal assistance to hone in on the best bits of Bros. Now she's binoculess, peacefully minding personal effects, but further down the corridor about fifty girls are crowded round another flimsy stand. Two I speak to say their seats are too distant to cop the eyeful of popstar they need. "They're the only group I like" says one. I wonder how much money they had for the extras. "Enough for a T-shirt," is the reply. The programmes cost a tenner.

Three St John Ambulance people, all well under 20, are leant against a wall looking a bit forlorn. Expecting a busy night then? "Yeah, we've been warned." What about? "Fainting and stuff." Do you like Bros.? "I'd prefer Jimmy Barnes."

The atmosphere in these areas is calmly expectant, but inside the radically tiered arena, it's different. ANYTHING can provoke mass shrieks. The half-time entertainment is a tape of Motown classics (!) and as each song fades . . . . SSKRREEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAA!!!!!!!! . . . . but another soul gem starts and false alarm number 43 has passed.

Up in one of the private boxes someone important has been spotted, or more likely, someone has spotted someone who either resembles, or is behaving like, someone important. Initially a small portion on one side leaps to it's collective feet and turns toward the glass enclosure. Within five seconds the entire place is shouting and waving and pointing at Joe the janitor, whose broom looks like a mike stand, or maybe the end of his mop is Brett Michael's head. The youngsters soon tire of this upstart, whoever he was and get back to screaming in the gaps between the Motown tunes. Graham Goble from L.R.B. is seated in front of Buzz and I with his daughter, but nobody, unsurprisingly, knows, nor cares, who he is.

EEEEEEEEEEEEIIIIIIIIIIAAAAAAAAAAEEEEE!!!!!!!!! Darkness and a drab disco intro tape which segues into EEEEEEEEAAAAA!!!!!!, a semi-symphonic "When Will I Be Famous". A "Close Encounters" type podium begins a slow descent, from vertical to horizontal and reveals- . . . . . MAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAATTTTTT!!!!!! Just as I'm wondering how he is to escape the structure, he begins to fly. He somersaults over the drum riser and swims in mid-air as Luke, and the other one soar in from the wings. Bros have arrived, groping around in the atmosphere like *Thunderbirds* puppets. They manage to land O.K. and quickly strike a defiant pose of B-Boy arrogance, before un-hitching and running off. But wait! Matt is *stuck*! After some tense moments he frees himself and vanishes. Was that it? No. After a 30-second pause musicians



• "I AM sincere, I really am!"

appar; a guitarist, a keyboardist, a percussionist, and "oh so inevitably" a couple of stunning black female back-up vocalists. Luke plays the drums competently, the quiet one is supposed to play the bass, but I wasn't entirely convinced about this. There is also a saxophonist, but the predominant noises are an incessant kick drum, just enough keyboard to give us an inkling of each tune, and Matt's voice which is a creditable clone of Moonwalking Mike. Matt, however, is a rotten dancer, a real clumsy clod. Forget the clever edits in the videos, Matt has the groove sense of a heavily sedated elephant. Oddly enough the two girl dancers who have appeared are naff too, and when the three get together for a bit of, ahem, . . . choreography, saints preserve us!

As Matt gathers confidence, he begins to manipulate the kids with ease. If he told them to kill their parents, they would, honestly. The shriek has yet to abate as the disco toons thuda-dud along. Bros isn't about cute. It's about tough. The song titles; "Love To Hate You", "Liar", "I Quit", "Drop The Boy". Matt is the school rebel, brooding, cool and reckless. I imagine this audience would rather shag than cuddle him, but at the moment they're content to obey him, but me and Buzz and Graham Goble are being ultra-bores because EVERYBODY bar us is dancing, from the gaggle at the front aching, for a sniff of Brosweat, to those in the back rows and distant recesses. They never stop moving or swaying their linked hands or bellowing along in the choruses. The only time they are silent, perversely, is when the group leaves the stage which is traditionally the time to shout things like . . . "More, please, thank you". But there is an eerie silence for ages until the crowd cottons on and begin busting their lungs again.

After some cornball love-you-love-your-city-wish-we-lived-here speeches, Bros do "When Will I Be Famous" and vanish. There has been no trouble, no crush, no unconscious bodies carried out. If the teenies had organised themselves, or if Matt had suggested it, they could have swamped the low key security, but everybody stuck to the allotted seats for fear of a severe ticking-off.

As the houselights rudely blaze up and the teenypopsters march out in orderly fashion, "Helter Skelter" comes pounding out of the P.A., very deliberately it seems. Think of the connotations of the song with manipulation and mind control, and mad Charlie. Bros probably play jokes like this on adoring fans everywhere. They are not stupid. They and their strategists are rich, but in the realms of music and talent they are definitely nothing to scream home about.

MICHAEL WITHEFORD

Bill, Ben and Little Weed, popping up.

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MAL EASTICK BAND
10, 11 Barn Palais, O.B. Flat
JOHN FARNHAM BAND
12 Rymill Park, Adelaide
GET SMART
11 The Venue
THE GUINEA PIGS
11 Colonel Light Hotel, 12 The Venue
LIZARDMEN
10 The Venue
LOST TOYS
10 After Dark Club, 12 Colonel Light
NOISEWORKS
13 Adelaide Grand Prix
PARTAY
12 Oasis, Murray Bridge
THE POSSUM SPIRAL
11 Lennies Tavern
ROKARD
11 After Dark Club
THE SQUIDS
12 Its The Pits, West Parklands
THE SWELL GUYS
11 Old Lion Hotel
VERTICAL SMILE
12 Kent Town Hotel
VINCE & NICK
9 Old Lion

West. Aust.

JETS
9 Leisure Inn, 11 White Star Hotel, Albany

Queensland

BIG STORM
11 The Patch
BOSSANOVA KIDS
11 The Grand Hotel
DOUBLE SHUFFLE
9 Palm Beach Hotel
JON ENGLISH
12 The Caboolture Hotel
GIRLS IN UNIFORM
11 The Playroom, 12 Captain Cook Tavern
HIGH VOLTAGE
11 Waterloo Bay Hotel, 13 Stewarts, Alexandra Headlands
INCOGNITO
11 The Playroom, 12 Captain Cook Tavern, 13 Dolphins Hotel
LOOK SHARP
9 La Cucaracha Club
MAIDEN VOYAGE
11 Her Majestys Bar, Hilton Hotel, 12 Raceview Tavern
MAINLINE
9, 10, 11 Rockarena, 13 Club Hotel, Waterford
NEIGHBOURHOOD UNIT
12 The Playroom
NOISEWORKS
7 Playpen, Cairns
P.G.R.
11 Kingaroy RSL
RAPID FIRE
12 The Kuraby Hotel
RAY CATT BAND
11, 12 Chevron Paradise
REVOSLUTION BLUES
11 Deception Bay Hotel
SCHNELL FENSTER
13 The Venue
SWINGSHIFT
10 Cambridge Tavern, Fairfield, 11 Parramatta Leagues Club, 12 Dapto Leagues Club, 13 Settlers Arms Hotel
UNDERWORLD
11 The Venue
WIZARD OF OZ
8 La Cucaracha Club

Tasmania

THE LOUNGE LIZARDS
9 T.S.I.T., Launceston, 12 Royal Hotel, Launceston

Oz CONCERT TOURS

INXS
November 3: Melbourne Tennis Centre
November 8, 9: Perth Entertainment Centre
November 12, 13 Sydney Entertainemnt Centre

JOHN FARNHAM
November 12: Rymill Park (Adelaide)
November 17, 18: Bruce Stadium (Canberra)
November 24, 25, 26: Brisbane Entertainment Centre
November 29, 30: Sydney Entertainment Centre
December 1, 2, 3: Sydney Entertainment Centre
December 7, 8, 9, 10: Perth Entertainment Centre
December 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21: National Tennis Centre (Melbourne)
December 23: Launceston Silverdome

WA WA NEE
November 3, 4: Sydney Entertainment Centre

INTERNATIONAL TOURS

DIZZY GILLESPIE'S UNITED NATION ALL STAR ORCHESTRA
November 14: Sydney Entertainment Centre
November 15: Canberra Theatre
November 16: Thebarton Theatre Adelaide
November 17: Perth Concert Hall
November 20: Melbourne Concret Hall

WHITNEY HOUSTON
November 7, 8: Sydney Entertainment Centre
November 11: Brisbane Entertainment Centre

BRYAN FERRY
November 4, 5: National Tennis Centre, Melbourne
November 7, 8: Adelaide Festival Theatre
November 11: Perth Entertainment Centre

JUMMY BUFFETT
November 4: Brisbane Festival Hall
November 5: Sydney Entertainment Centre
November 8: Adelaide Thebarton Theatre
November 10: Melbourne Concert Hall
November 12: Perth Entertainment Centre

DR HOOK
November 9 to 13: Twin Towns Services Club, Tweed Heads, NSW

STING
November 7: Perth Entertainment Centre
November 10: Adelaide Memorial Drive
November 12: Melbourne Tennis Centre
November 16: Brisbane Entertainment Centre
November 18, 19: Sydney Entertainment Centre

RUN DMC
November 11: Melbourne Festival Hall
November 12: Horden Pavilion, Sydney (over 18's)
November 13: Horden Pavilion, Sydney

BROS
November 3, 4: Sydney Entertainment Centre

EUROPE
November 19: Perth ... ent Centre
November 22 ... Entertainment Centre
Novem... ey Entertainment Centre
CANCELLED

CHEAP TRICK
December 2, 3: Sydney — Selinas
December 4: Newcastle Workers Club

UNDERWORLD
November 3: The Venue, Dee Why, Sydney
November 4: Tiffanys, Blacktown, Sydney
November 5: Bankstown RSL, Sydney
November 8, 9: St James Tavern, Sydney
November 10: Newcastle
November 11: The Roxy, Brisbane
November 12: Chevron, Gold Coast

THE ROBERT CRAY BAND
December 1: Festival Hall, Melbourne
December 3: Perth Entertainment Centre
December 5: Thebarton Theatre, Adelaide
December 9: Brisbane Festival Hall
December 10: Sydney Entertainment Centre

RANDY CRAWFORD
November 28, 29, 30: Melbourne Hilton Hotel.
December 2, 3: Melbourne Hilton Hotel.
December 7, 8, 9: Brisbane Hilton Hotel.
December 12, 13, 14: The Burwood Casino, Perth.
December 16: Festival Theatre, Adelaide.
December 17, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23: Hilton International, Sydey.

HEADLESS CHICKENS
November 9: Mandolin Cinema.
November 10: Banjos, Gladesville.
November 11: Max's, Petersham.
November 13: Harold Park Hotel.

BANDWAGON

EDITED: BRYAN PATTERSON

Bass guitars that are pretty (and) good...

The French are a funny race. One minute they're annoying the world playing with nukes in the Pacific and the next they're charming you with champagne, brie and basses.

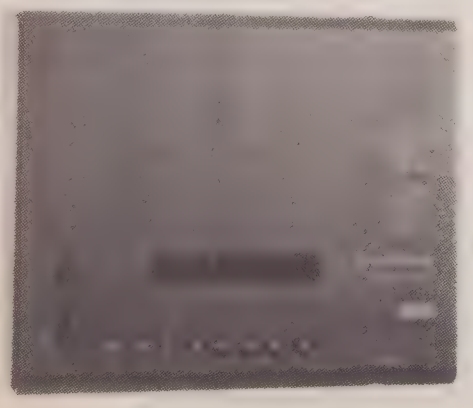
Basses? Yeh, not the nuclear kind, but the musical variety.

The Vigier Arpege basses caused quite a stir when they made their appearance at a couple of trade shows recently. They came direct-from-the-factory on the fashionable Champs Elysees and they ooze French glamor.

They are beautifully designed, good-looking axes that come in fretted and fretless styles and are available in 17 colors.

But it's the sound that has been impressing most people. The Vigier Arpege combines active and passive electronics to produce a very direct and bright, modern sound. And no hum from the pickups; a facility not shared by some American and Japanese basses.

Vigier pickups have a fairly high output and are unusual in that the coils are wound directly on the pole piece.



The Symphony Orchestra Module is a high-quality, multi timbral sound module using sampling technology and has full MIDI functions.

The bass has an internal preamp and a parametric equaliser controlled by two black knobs, one to set frequency and the other handling gain of plus or minus 20 db.

The Vigier company also designed the bridge/tailpiece that allows you to adjust each string individually for height and intonation. There are no moving parts to play havoc with sustain or harmonies because the saddles are locked by a screw above four steel rods that pierce through the body and connect to a plate behind the bass.

Schaller tuning heads, a graphite fibre neck and a Phenowood 22-fret fingerboard complete the pretty picture.

CHEAP THRILLS

In the days long before Kylie and Tiffany, people used to get their jollies sitting around player pianos that churned out popular songs.

These days, player pianos are pretty rare and they cost a fortune. But Korg has updated the concept with a cheap black box that connects to any MIDI keyboasrd.

The Concerto, selling for around $995, is a little eight-track digital recorder specifically designed for home musicians.

When your friends come around, you merely flip in a quick disk and the keyboard will start playing anything from Mozart and Beethoven to ragtime, dixieland and Beatles classics.

The disk library even includes some George Gershwin numbers, played by the composer himself. The music was transcribed from the old piano rolls and converted into a digital form.

Concerto is also a learning tool for musical beginners. It allows you to record and save eight tracks (a maximum 6500 notes internally and 13,000 notes on a two-sided disk) and you can even save left and right hands separately to aid practice.

Korg also has a budget-priced sound module, featuring some impressive string, keyboard and percussion sounds with 16-voice polyphony.

These French, Vigier Arpege basses combine the best aspects of look, feel and quality

There are better sound modules on the market but you'd be hard pressed to find one cheaper than the Symphony at around $895.

The box is multi-timbral so you can play a variety of sounds simultaneously or split different sounds across the keyboard. There's a ROM card slot that will add extra sounds.

OH SUSANNA

Susanna Hoffs, long-time crooner with The Bangles, is the latest star to demand something special from the Rickenbacker company.

Susanna, who has been strumming Ricks for many years, asked the boffins to come up with a vintage-looking axe that included the company's new humbucker and two of the old-style single coils as well as a 24-fret inlaid Rosewood fingerboard.

She was so happy with the result that she allowed Rickenbacker to make 250 instruments for sale around the world, each with an individually numbered certificate of authenticity.

But even if you order now, you'll have to wait a while. Deliveries start in February, 1989.

MUSICAL MAC

The American company Digidesign has come up with a digital sound processing card that allows you to play 16-bit (CD quality) stereo sounds directly from a Macintosh computer.

The Concerto Digital Recorder enables easy recording and playback of performances on MIDI compatible electronic pianos.

The Sound Accelerator couples direct playback from hard disk with real-time processing and synthesis functions.

The idea is that you no longer have to grab a sample for editing, adjust the sound, wait until the computer 'crunches' it and then send it to a keyboard before you can hear it.

Sound Accelerator allows you to hear the sound change as you adjust the on-screen faders on your favorite editing software. Real-time tasks include filtering, delays, frequency analysis and EQ.

When used with a program like Digidesign's Sound Designer, the Sound Accelerator lets you play through a sound to find the right edit points.

The engineering staff at Digidesign is currently working on an analog to digital converter for the Sound Accelerator that will allow 16-bit recording to the Mac's hard disk as well as playback.

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This is why we exist as an organisation. Firstly, we provide you with a private system of protection whereby we help you establish a **written record** and documentation of your ownership, and for extra security we then store your evidence in **vault storage with Mayne Nickless.**

Without precise written records (i.e. the evidence) or the ability to pay for solicitors' costs (which can be substantial in such cases), you may not be able to undertake such a court action in order to defend your Copyright — and you could lose your rights forever.

Secondly, and most importantly, subject to W.R.O.C.'s approval and discretion, we provide you with the **the Money to pay for your Solicitor** who will defend you in any such Court Action.

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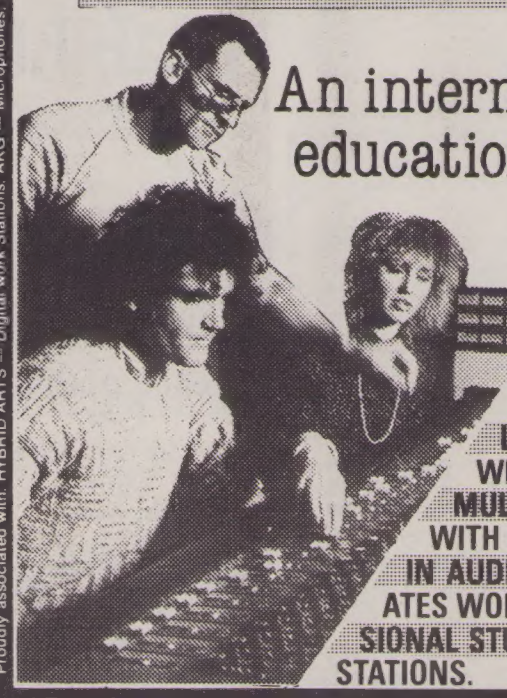

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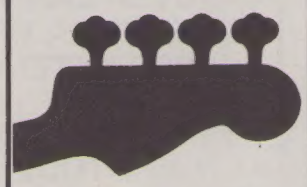

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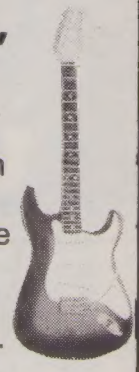

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